

MACLEAN'S

THE HEALTH-CARE Rx
Examining Romanow's
\$15-billion remedy

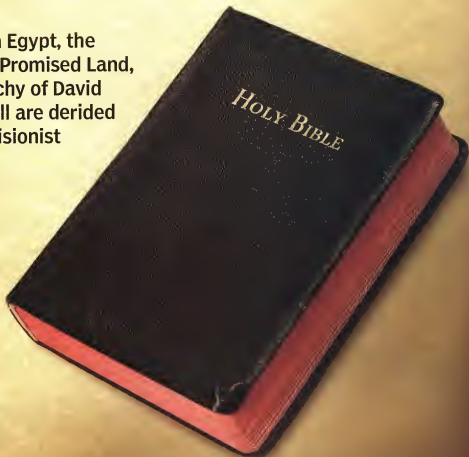
THE GIFT OF READING
Holiday books to light
up the Canadian winter

FRENGLISH GETS FUNKY
Benoit Aubin on the new
cool bilingualism

IS THE GOOD BOOK BAD HISTORY?

'The exodus from Egypt, the conquest of the Promised Land, even the monarchy of David and Solomon—all are derided as fiction by revisionist academics.'

BY BRIAN BETHUNE



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'DELAY, DENY, DISTORT...'

Leadership is all about trust, and taking responsibility. Why is that so hard?

AT A TORONTO business conference last week, Robert Sears, the former NDP strategist who has built a thriving career in the private sector, was a guest speaker. Sears, now a partner in an executive search firm that also provides consulting advice, studies issues like corporate governance and ethical dilemmas in business. To this end, he quotes Peter Drucker, the legendary management guru, who says that among the qualities that matter most, "The requirement of leadership is to earn trust." OK, as Sears puts it, the basic formula of what you learn by about the age of four—about "honesty, fairness, and taking responsibility"—ramp up his hat when considering aspiring leaders.

That's handy advice for leaders in both the private and public sector, and there were notable examples last week of success and failure. Defence Minister John McCallum, by following those rules, turned a falling into a victory. McCallum, by his admission, was tamed back from a flight recently when Air Canada officials thought he'd been drinking too much. His top notch of himself, and, when asked, gave an unvarnished account of the incident and added that he has now quit drinking. Like Alberta's Ralph Klein a year ago, McCallum identified a problem, took responsibility, and moved on. Meanwhile, I'd say people shouldn't just forgive and forget a lapse in judgment; rather, we should respect both men all the more for their strength of character.

On the regressive side, there's that whole Jean Chrétien/Franco Ducares thing (page 38). Another all the debate after the Prime Minister's Communications Director described Chrétien's "W" back as "a moan," the two words you didn't hear from Ducares or the PM in their comments on her departure were that she had made a "mistake," or that she was "sorry" about what she had said. Ducares' resignation letter noted that "the controversy will make it impossible for me to do my job"—as if the fuss had occurred by divine intervention, without her causing it. The PM basically pretended the

whole thing had never happened, referring to her departure not as a resignation, but as a decision to move up her exit to the public service by "a few weeks." (This, although the Toronto Star reported that she recently told one of the paper's journalists that she intended to stay till the end of Chrétien's tenure.) Neither Ducares nor the PM were completely forthright, or took responsibility for a mistake. That the PM told the Peter Drucker test, to quote above.

To that end, the PM is indicative of a larger trend in politics of what you might call the Three D's: wherever a tough decision is at hand, delay, deny and distort the circumstances for as long as possible. It helps, of course, when others play into your hands so innocently. Take the release of the Romanow report, which already runs the risk of being buried under conflicting details. The prescriptions for health care reform are—surprise!—too expensive for the liking of the banks and the Canadian Alliance, and not enough for the likes of Enron, who want more money for Ontario. It's always easy in Canada, to turn up a commentator or a people who know what's wrong with everyone else's house. Look at the failed outcome of the overwhelming majority of royal commissions and federal studies over the last half century or so. The PM knows that, just as he knows that the cacophony of disparate opposing voices will allow him to cherry-pick the options he wants to implement, and to simply forget about the rest. If you like the eventual outcome, fine. If not, accept some responsibility, those rules of behavior apply not just to leaders, but also to those who oppose them.

Anthony Wilson-Smith

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'In Canada, when somebody calls you an intellectual, it's considered a compliment. In the U.S., it's grounds for a libel suit.'

—JOHN KENNEDY, *See United States*

Who's the fairest of all?

Why does our national magazine spend so much time worrying about our national identity? "America live is that our future?" Cover, Nov. 25? Best answer, Canadians aren't like Americans, and the people who can tell you that quickest are Americans. As a Canadian citizen living in Illinois since 1999, I am regularly reminded of my origins north of the border in the kindest way. As a neighbour to the most influential country on the planet, Canada, of course, music overrules self-identity. But let me draw an attractive parallel: it's like sitting in front of the mirror and wondering if you are beautiful or handsome enough. Stop it!

Phil Brown, *Chicagoland, Ill.*

I thoroughly enjoyed the article "America live." Taking a hard-and-objectionable look at what constitutes Canadian identity should become the subject of more serious debate. The law-jerkiness of Americans of the past is hardly justified by the current facts of Canadian living. While living in the States, like any good Canadian I used to boast about the lower cost of health care and the better quality of services, the absence of guns and violence and all the other aspects of Canadian living that used to set us apart. Used to. Under Gordon Campbell's government in British Columbia, I now pay more for these public health services for my family than I did in the States for private insurance. Car insurance is about double what I used to pay in the States. Traffic in Vancouver as bad as, if not worse than, in Washington. While in Ottawa, pregnant and desperate, I was unable to find a family physician. I was rolled at a public crackle in Ottawa—something that never happened to me in the States. Not to mention the difference in income tax is setting us further and further apart from our American neighbours.

Barbara Ivancsek, *Burnaby, B.C.*

Canada, while a wonderful place to live, is a bit of an absurd country—a thin line of population huddled along the thousands



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of miles of U.S. border. We're like a small town just outside the gates of the modern city of Rome. We wear Roman clothes, eat Roman food, speak the Roman language, made almost exclusively with Roman and we even depend on the Romans to defend us. But we definitely claim not to be Romans, and we're incredibly offended when our adum, humor of horror, think we are Romans. This would all be very entertaining except that by being so loud, and even rude, in our process we're shooting ourselves in the foot.

Wayne Matuszak, *Lively, Ont.*

READERS WERE DIVIDED, PASSIONATELY, OVER OUR WISDOM IN DEVOTING A COVER PACKAGE TO Canada's relationship with the U.S. There was more consensus when it came to the contribution of the New York Times correspondent in Canada, Clifford Kuss. "Boy am I pleased!" wrote Diane Woodard of Perth, Ont., in a letter typical of a can-do the-foreigner relation: "How dare an American journalist write about what Canada is all about, let alone and with his nothing remark. 'Can't one be a patriotic Canadian and be critical of Canada too?' What an idiotic statement."

It never ceases to amaze me that the Canada media and intelligentsia continue to regard this nation as an anomaly in the comradery of nations. We are no more anomalous than Switzerland, Belgium, Spain, Italy, England or France—all of which embrace indigenous populations of divergent ethnicity. We have defined ourselves as successful citizens of American expansionism. The idea that a nation could be defined by its resistance to conquest, rather than conquest or cultural hegemony, was first articulated by the great Swiss historian, Jacob Burckhardt. The question for us, as a nation, is whether we will either external threat or hope of conquest? The political map of Europe suggests that it will.

Leon Samuels, *London, Ont.*

I got to paragraph 6 of Douglas Coupland's "Strong and free" (Cover, Nov. 25) before I realized that, hey, this is a humour piece! Coupland says "we've reached the point as Canadians where we no longer define ourselves against Americans." Then in the next paragraph, after listing "our" virtues, he says, "Canadians also lack the one thing that makes Americans truly American..." Blah, blah, blah. Doug, you're a nice!

John Parry, *Toronto*

On par with concerns about our water and natural resources, we Canadians have a just reaction to the self-serving militancy of our southern neighbour. Americans have an ongoing infatuation with guns and gun culture that fills many minds their country with a deep foreboding. As good neighbours, we must demand that our leadership Americans to step back the machine, to stop militarizing the world, thereby transferring all risk to the citizens of potentially world-ending disasters. There is a thick red line joining their domestic and foreign weapons policies, and they don't seem to see it.

Ron Kitchin, *Toronto*

I was duped and dismayed by the article "Soul Search," written by Clifford Kuss (Cover, Nov. 25). While much of his article presents a biased and disoriented view of Canada and Canadians, something I have learned to accept from American writers, it was also disgusting, which I cannot accept. I take particular offense to the line that "virtue Canadians are going through rapid social change, moving from dogmatics to the

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Internet in lightning time? Come on, Mr. Knaus, get real! If you'd like to see sports fix, keep making comments like these!

Doan's Little Red, Bishop's Falls, N.B.

Bring on Brian D. Johnson put me in the fire-hole when he wrote "Canada is a fiction, a make-believe nation" ("We like to watch," *Cover*, Nov. 25). And even though it's his Johnson, Booker Prize-winning Yann Martel also scored with his scintillating notice that Canada is "one of the greatest hoaxes on Earth." It is not unusual to meet Americans who can tell you the day, at exactly the same date and part of entry and a few other colour details for good measure, for one or more of their imaginary past adventures. The best I can do is name a few centuries of anger, domination provinces and the decade of arrival, or should I say "check-in," for some tentacles of the final tree. My family and I checked out almost 16 years ago, but return whenever we can and highly recommend Hotel Canada to our friends.

Phedon MacIsaac, Markham, Ont.

Border crossing

While I sympathize with Canadian-Muslim Adrian R. Khan's experiences at the U.S. border ("Bordering on panic," *The Book Page*, Nov. 25), he begs the question of some of the naive questions had been asked of the Sept. 11 hijackers. Would there have been 9/11?

Steve Riddick, Courtenay, B.C.

Reading Adrian Khan's piece, I recalled Greg, an old friend, whom I tried to phone at 8:20 a.m. on Sept. 11 last year, but missed because he had already left for his office at the World Trade Center. Khan's border-crossing was indeed frustrating, humiliating and frightening. He is right in pointing out the equation, and possible fatality, of targeting people for vigilance just because they are Muslim. But when his ordeal was over, Khan, in his own words, "couldn't help but laugh" and returned home. Greg's story had a different ending.

Peter Barfknecht, Aurora, Ont.

Beir trouble

Israeli trouble may not deserve their reputation as fireproof lions, but it may be notable to give the impression that they are not dangerous ("Living with gritty bear,"



Wildlife, Nov. 25). In 1993, I was attacked by a huge grizzly east of Great Bear Lake in the Northwest Territories while working hundreds of kilometers from any settlement. I ran, but I fell and I caught up with me. As an Israeli manhandling bear, in one last desperate effort, I struck it on the snout with my golfing club. It picked itself up, shook its head and wandered off. I wonder now—was it just curious? Friendly? Playful?

Bob Mire, Pelly, Ontario

First, I read Nefco's Poir's message "War and the West's hypocrisy" (Nov. 25). Then I read the article on North Korea, "Inside Kim's hermit kingdom," in the same issue. Both made me feel uneasy in the part of my stomach. Then I read "Living with gritty bear." I enjoyed the article, but I couldn't help thinking the last sentence, "We need to drop old prejudices long enough to reach out and start over," belonged with the two previous articles. How can we, as humans, possibly think we can stop killing each other, when we can't even stop killing the bear?

Sandra McMillan, Miramichi, N.B.

Dollars to doughnuts

Ron Joyce, co-CEO of Tim Hortons, "grew up in poor and fatherless" in *Newsweek* ("The joy of Joyce," *Business*, Nov. 25). Now worth an estimated \$700 million, he recently opened a \$60-million golf club and resort on the province's northern shore. He says his investment is "going back to where I grew up." What a narcissistic thing to do for those who can afford \$200 for a round of golf. Just think of the pool he could have done for those who are still "dirt poor" by building housing for the homeless, provid-

ing food for the undernourished and playgrounds for underprivileged children.

Bob Thompson, Toronto

Racification

"Biting back against fluoride" (*Public Health*, Nov. 25) accurately pinpoints a new level of responsibility in the growing wave of concern about adding this toxic compound to drinking water. Since the introduction of fluoride toothpaste—with 1,500 times the concentration of fluoride compared to tap water, but not swallowed—water fluoridation has been a dangerous risk to public health, especially to bone health. Fluoride does not work systemically, via ingesting it weeks by physical contact with teeth only—and fluoridation is a foolhardy, needless, risk. But decades after fluoride toothpaste came on the scene, the Canadian Dental Association and Health Canada still stubbornly refuse to reverse, or even re-examine, their policies on water fluoridation.

Michael Downey, Toronto

Foreign opinion

I would like to correct the record for Carol Shields and readers of *Maclean's*. Allan Rajzman reported in the Nov. 25 issue ("Foreign home truths," *Column*) that I wrote in the *New York Times* that Ms. Shields "moved to Canada only because she was following her husband." I never wrote such a thing, nor have I ever written an insult column. I don't even know if it is true.

Clifford Nassau, Toronto

Allan Rajzman in one shot shows us why the opinions of foreign journalists should always be taken with a large grain of salt ("Foreign home truths," *Column*, Nov. 25). The cultural depth of these gaps (about to shrink as a 30-second sound bite) is probably what prevents them from understanding what allows and encourages Canadians to write or become international prize winners. Perhaps they should have asked the three foreigners been writers who were on the short list for the Booker Prize—Carol Shields, Yann Martel and Roberto Muro—how they feel about Canada. They are all citizens and they still live here (does that give you clue)? Carol Shields outlined most eloquently in the *Washington Post* a couple of weeks ago what the cultural centre of Winnipeg does that surprise you? And for her writing career.

George S. Clark, Winnipeg

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After chronicling Canadian events and personalities for nearly a century, it's no wonder that Maclean's archives yield a wealth of fascinating stories about our rich and colourful past. These archives have been brought to new life in a six-volume series of books that celebrates some of the best writing ever to grace the pages of Canadian magazines.

The series, published by Penguin Canada and edited by Maclean's executive editor Michael Benedict, features articles by such legendary writers as Marjorie Richler, Peter Gzowski, Pierre Berlioz, Gordon Sinclair, Jane Calhoun, Trent Frayne, Peter C. Newman, Scott Young and Bruce Hutchison. The titles are: *Canada at War*, *Canada on Ice*, *Canada in the Fifties*, *In the Face of Disaster*, *Maclean's People* and most recently, *On the Battlefields*.

"These are terrific stories by great writers, some of whom are little known," says Benedict, citing Lionel Shapiro, a Montreal novelist and war correspondent, who died in 1958.

The series originated with Benedict's research for Maclean's 50th anniversary issue commemorating the D-Day landing in 1984. "It was so fascinating that I got lost in the archives," he recalls. "When I realized there was enough material for a book, I began approaching publishers."

The result was *Canada at War*, published in 1987. Subsequent volumes have been published annually and a seventh, on Canadian sports, is now in the works.

Benedict spends about two months researching every new book which, he says, is his favourite part of the process. "I find that new themes emerge naturally from each trip to the archives. And every visit reinforces the integral role that Maclean's has played in Canada's history."

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AIDS | The disease afflicts as many women as men—with dire implications

One of the worst plagues in human history first came to the world's attention as a mysterious infection among gay males. Over the last two decades, though, HIV/AIDS has exploded in the female population and now afflicts as many women as men. According to the latest figures from UNAIDS, the United Nations agency spearheading the battle against the disease, AIDS will have killed 3.1 million people by the end of this year. A further 42 million people, almost half of them women, are suffering from the illness. "The face of AIDS is becoming the face of young women," said Peter Piot, the head of UNAIDS. That shift will ultimately exacerbate the increase in HIV, the virus that causes AIDS, he said, because women spread it not only through sex, but also through nursing and childbirth.

The problem is acute among females in developing countries, particularly in sub-

Saharan Africa, by far the worst-affected region. There, twice as many young women as men have become infected, in part because it is difficult for them to take precautions against AIDS because of their subordinate position in society. Rape is common, and teenage pregnancies are a danger for older men in southern Africa carry the virus. A recent study in Zimbabwe also found that many adolescent girls have sex with men in return for clothes and money for school fees.

The "feminization" of AIDS will have long-term implications for developing countries, where women often take care of children alone, tend sick relatives and play a major role in agriculture. "These are the large decisions," Piot said, "of the impact of AIDS for society as a whole. You have a whole chunk of the population disappearing."

Montreal-born photographer Steve Simen took the photo of AIDS victim Basia Simpa when he was in Zambia in April as a member of Photoactive, a group of photojournalists who do projects for social causes. Simen plans to donate his *Afterlife's* payment to the Jesse Leroy

ScoreCard

A Big Remedy
Given birth to Royal Commission on Health Care after 10 months' labour, HealthCare now has medicines that \$15 billion won't cure. What's that a relief?

John McCullum
office Messiaen picks really bad week to seek \$1 billion more for Canadian Forces. McCullum, meet Mr. Romanow.

A Miss Canada
international. Lynette Browne's sensibly built on blood-drenched kiss would control in Nigeria. Short of support, followed suit, rescinded along kinetic look for London. This time, eventual women's inevitable wish for world peace may actually sound serious.

Paraglider Survival
PM's prickly flock pays the ultimate price for lifting George to a "mission" if by "ultimatum" you mean returning him to his vineyard in the federal public sector.

Alexis Mousset
Glasgow's CTU journalist and activist now gay gets chemistry look in PM's messenger during first 10 months of time-dark rule. That Mousset, what a secret! Kidding. Just kidding. Honest.

Paul Glick
Hudson's 18 knowing premier says window won't needed in territorial jobs because residents are "all heterosexual people." Not that there's anything wrong with that.

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Quote of the week | "I would say that on occasion I have had too much to drink. After this incident, I just decided to reduce that to zero. It was a lesson I've taken to heart."

Defence Minister JOHN MCCULLUM, describing how an incident at Pearson International Airport in Toronto convinced him to stop drinking.

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THEWEEK

Victory for Sharon

He appeared to be heading for an upset. But Benjamin Netanyahu's momentum in the race for the Likud party leadership faltered, and he went down to defeat at the hands of Prime Minister Ariel Sharon. The hardline Netanyahu vigorously opposed any Palestinian statehood. But Sharon, who has roused supporters with the Palestinians, surprised many in the course of the campaign by stating that a sovereign Palestinian state is inevitable. A sea change in Likud politics? Hardly, given Sharon's vision of a totally annexed and demilitarized Palestinian state. But it was nevertheless a sign of movement—which was also evident on the Palestinian side with a tough condemnation by Mahmoud Abbas, the top deputy to Yasser Arafat, and the Palestinian Authority chairman's possible succession of the armed struggle against Israel. "What we lost was big and what we gained was small," Abbas said. His statement came after Palestinian gunmen attacked a Likud polling station, killing six.

Melting away

According to a NASA satellite study, Arctic ice is melting much faster than previously thought—about two per cent per decade. At that rate, Arctic ice may disappear before the end of the century. The melt, which many link to global warming brought about by greenhouse gas emissions, may have huge environmental implications. If it continues, it could mean the extinction of species like the polar bear, and have adverse effects on climate and sea level rise, which have helped to control the earth's temperature.

On the wagon

Calling it a "wake up call," Defence Minister John McCallum said he has stopped consuming alcohol. McCallum made that decision after being barred from boarding an Air Canada flight from Toronto to Ottawa because a check-in agent thought he was drunk. "I would not say I had a drinking problem, but I would say that on occasion I have had too much," McCallum said. The airline incident, he added, "was a lesson I've taken to heart."

Honouring bravery

Almost everyone in the Dutch town of Willem named out to honour three Canadian nurses whose brother was shot down by a

Miss World | Beauty queens and bloodshed



Barrett fled Nigeria, others soon followed

Coconed in a luxury hotel, Lynsey Barrett, 22, could have ignored the violence sweeping Nigeria. But Barrett had been uneasy ever since organizers of the Miss World pageant announced they were holding the contest there. Alarmed against women are common in the north of the country, a Muslim judge had sentenced a woman convicted of adultery to death by stoning. As the reigning Miss Canada, Barrett fled Nigeria, others soon followed.

German fighter in May, 1943. Missing all these years, the bodies of serjeant Joseph Adrian Thibodeau and Joseph White were found two months ago in a bog near the town, along with part of the remains of Warrent Officer Robert Moulton (some of his remains had been found earlier). Handrobb had put the soldiers' orders in the local Dutch Reformed Church, leaving wreaths of red orchids and white roses and sending their friends to 18 relatives of the deceased who attended the ceremony. The soldiers were buried in the Wilnis cemetery.

West Nile and blood

The immediate cause of death was encephalitis—a swelling of the brain that in the case of cancer patient Joyce Kimmel of Kitchener, Ont., proved fatal. But what triggered it was more ominous. Experts say that Kimmel probably contracted West Nile virus, which can cause leads to encephalitis, through one of her numerous blood transfusions. Experts said that up to 50 per cent of those who contract West Nile experience

severe fever, but her worst from never reached when this broke out after a newspaper article suggested the suspect Muhammad might have chosen a wife from among the contestants. Appalled and frightened by the bloodshed—over 280 people were killed—she went to urge fellow contestants to abandon the pageant. But officials, fearing a possible rioting, threw her out of the competition.

Hours later, while flying home to Ottawa, Barrett was proven right when officials announced they were moving the pageant to London. What she landed in Ottawa was supported in the media for her stance. Contest organizers also had second thoughts and invited her back into the competition. "My decision is to go," she said. "I didn't quit Miss World. I quit the situation I was in." But even if she doesn't capture the crown on Dec. 1, Barrett may avenge the winner. Advertisers hoping to cash in on her integrity are lining up to hire her, a movie producer reportedly wants the rights to her story, and Playboys willing to pay handsomely to photograph her in the buff, something she has refused to do. Barrett may make his efforts again when she arrives in London with 800 letters denouncing human rights abuses in Nigeria. "I wasn't going in to win," she said. "I was going for a purpose."

no symptoms and could unwittingly give blood. Kimmel's family called for screening blood for the disease.

Happy holidays

Crises called it a case of political correctness run rampant. And, in the end, Toronto city council voted unanimously that the 16-m-high white spire rose erected at Nelson Phillips Square be called—wait for it—a Christmas tree. The city had, in the eyes of numerous complainants, practiced on Santa's naughty list with a proposal that the tree be called the Holiday Tree. The Royal Canadian Mount, meanwhile, was also under fire—for an ad campaign that named The 12 Days of Christmas was "The 12 Days of Caring."

Fight, fight, fight!

A woman bungee another woman's shopping cart in a supermarket. Neither makes any thing off it, but the second woman's young, blond daughter does. "Are you going to let her go away with that?" she demands. "Are you chicken? Go over there and give her a



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goodnack." The child then harnessed her elbow against a food frizzer while screaming, "Fight, fight, fight!" That rule seemed to be the heart of one of three public-service announcements commissioned by the Canadian Hockey Association, as part of their "Bella, it's just a game" campaign aimed at helping his father, "don't hold back," when he is pulled over for a traffic violation, and another boy pressuring his father to make a perfect pot. "Sorry doesn't cut it," he says when dad mines and apologizes.

Bankers in the red

It may be hard to arouse sympathy among Canadians, but these are tough times for the kings of King Street. The Toronto-Dominion Bank reported an annual loss for the first time in its history. The Canadian Imperial Bank of Commerce was also in the red for the quarter. Bad loans to telecom and utilities companies sank TD, which lost \$160 million in its first year without a profit since it was created by merger in 1985. Chairman Charles Haffie, saying "a good leader takes responsibility," announced he would step down a year early, in April. CIBC suffered its first quarterly deficit since 1992 due to large loan-loss provisions and deposit charges, undoing the shakedown of its Asian electronic banking venture in the U.S.

BY SUSAN DEWAR



Big spenders

It began as a \$100 million project. Now, Quebec's nation general is being asked to investigate why the cost of the new and still unfinished head office for the *Gazette de Québec* at place d'Armes in Québec has ballooned to more than \$300 million—not including the \$50-million price tag for the underground parking garage. Premier Bernard Landry said that the scandal over the sprawling building in Montreal is similar to the controversy over the construction of the Olympic stadium, which went at least five times over budget.

Splitting B.C. Hydro

The electricity company that Social Credit premier W.A.C. Bennett created through the socialist-style takeover of the private B.C. Electric Co. in 1961 will be split in two—but will remain in public hands. In the coming year, the B.C. Hydro and Power Authority will be converted into two entities, one overseeing transmission lines, the other power generation and local distribution. But both will be owned by the provincial government, now led by right-wing Liberal Premier Gordon Campbell. Energy Minister Richard Neufeld said efforts to deregulate electricity markets through privatization in Alberta, Ontario and California had been "failures."

Passages

AWARDED: The Canadian Baseball Hall of Fame & Museum named Eric Gagné, of Montreal, and Larry Walker, of Maple Ridge, B.C., co-winners of the Tip O'Neill Award for the year's best Canadian-born player. Gagné, 26, a closer for the Los Angeles Dodgers, had 52 saves this season—a Canadian record. Walker, 36, an outfielder with the Colorado Rockies, received this award for the ninth time. He also won the Gold Glove this year.



Gagné and Walker share the Tip O'Neill Award

WON: A CBC-TV special, *Dracula/Peter* from a *Vampire's Diary*, won awarded the International Emmy for best arts programming, in New York. Directed by Winnipeg's Guy Maddin, *Dracula* is a combination of dance, cinema and music based on an original production by the Royal Winnipeg Ballet.

RETIRED: Olympian Curtis Myken, 36, is giving up competitive swimming and plans on studying medicine. The Calgary native won three Olympic bronzes and 30 Canadian titles in his 12 years on the national team. Last year he was bothered by a bulging disc in his back, which caused pain in his leg.

APPOINTED: Nobel Prize-winning former secretary of state and national security adviser Henry Kissinger will head a 20-member independent panel investigating the Sept. 11 attacks. After initially opposing the commission, George W. Bush named Kissinger, 75, and instructed him to "follow all the facts, wherever they lead." The panel is expected to look into methods and motives of terrorists as well as taking a critical look at the government's actions prior to the attacks. George Mitchell, 69, a Democratic former senate majority leader, who negotiated the Northern Ireland peace agreement in 1998, was named vice-chairman.

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THIS WEEK



Terrorism | A new wave

The chilling two-pronged attack underscored what many in the intelligence community have suggested: al-Qaeda terrorists fleeing Afghanistan would join other groups in attacks on the West and its allies. The first, in what some say could be a new wave of international terrorism, came at 8:55 a.m. in Mombasa, Kenya, when two surface-to-air missiles narrowly missed an hotel yet as it took off with 271 people aboard. Then, only five minutes later, a green four-wheel drive vehicle carrying three men and packed with explosives rammed into the Israeli-owned Paradise Hotel on the outskirts of the city, killing 16, including three Israelis and the occupants of the car. Kenyan

police arrested 12 people in relation to the attack and two missile destroyers were found near the airport.

In Beirut, a previously unknown group calling itself the Army of Palestine issued a statement claiming responsibility for the back-to-back attacks in Kenya, "to make the world hear again the voice of Palestinian refugees." But Kenyan and Israeli authorities said Osama bin Laden's al-Qaeda terror network is the prime suspect in the attack. Israel put its Mossad spy agency in charge of investigating the strike. "Our hand will reach there," declared Defence Minister Shaul Mofaz. "If anyone doubts the citizens of Israel cannot stand up to the killers, this doubt will be removed."

The attacks come as Canada stepped up its

the suicide bombing of a hotel near Mombasa was part of a two-pronged attack

ability to respond to an al-Qaeda attack. Health Canada will purchase enough smallpox vaccine to inoculate every Canadian. Most of the vaccine, which will be purchased from an American company at an estimated cost of \$40 million, will be stored in a secret place. To increase border security, Canada also launched Project Mercury, a six-month-long trial program at Toronto's Pearson International Airport under which refugees claimants who lack identification or are evasive will be detained in the past they were released pending a hearing. If the program is deemed effective, it will be applied to border crossings across the country.

Legacy of Tommy Douglas as his shield. It didn't help in the 1999 election battle, but by clinging to power and he stepped aside a year later.

In the early days of medicine, Ottawa and the provinces ordered each other like inland waters in a high school dance. But that soon changed. By the mid-1970s, Ottawa was tired of paying automatically for the provinces' supply-expanding systems, they in turn were fed up with the annual nit-picking negotiations. So the two sides acted on a scheme of food manifests, one that has befuddled economists ever since.

That, too, didn't last. In 1984, a resurgent Pierre Trudeau—a patroned Canadian and new National Energy Program under his belt—enacted the Canada Health Act. That gave Ottawa the power to withhold funds, which it did (\$250 million worth over three years), if the provinces didn't outline cost-sharing—charges beyond those covered by their health insurance plans. Now the feds had elevated themselves from payer to judge and jury. Then they started dishing out transfer payments. Paul Martin's cut in 1995, when he was Liberal finance minister, was the sharpest of the bunch. They did everything to put federal finances in order for the future. But they spread through the country's health-care system like germs in a schoolyard.

What is an example of mediocre mayhem? Look to May 1996, when Alberta's Ralph Klein, the most determined of the contemporary experimenters, capitulated on private clinics. Or did he?

For six months, Ottawa had been with holding \$420,000 a month from Alberta because the province allowed specialty clinics where doctors billed Medicare for part of their work, and charged patients directly for the rest. The political battle raged through five federal health ministers—for many it provided a useful separatist subplot to the failed Quebec referendum cliff-hanger that had just ended. And when truce was called in May, a referendum-weakened federal government claimed victory. But it also signed a document enabling the 12 provincial Alberta health care, including to create a strong private sector role both within and outside the public system, and to allow doctors to practice in both systems at the same time. So what exactly changed? Two years ago, Klein passed Bill 11, a law to encourage entrepreneurial work, so he was



A childhood way in hospital committed Tommy Douglas to the fight for Medicare.

it, even saving clinics, setting the stage for yet another mediocre battle and the post-Romanow maelstrom of five winters, now set for late January.

The stinging is either exquisite or painfully brutal. The feds have money in the till right now, their house is in order. But then a Romanow's man says, Jean Charest's too. Maybe even Ralph Klein's. Will her apparent Paul Martin take up the new health spending maelstrom in a campaign concert? (Is his health minister father did all those years ago?) Is that what we need right now, another medicine clinic?

The battle lines are already forming, the posturing at least. New money is welcome,

Alberta, Quebec and others are saying, too. But we have our own health priorities now. We don't want funding that comes with strings attached. Or with Ottawa or Medicare's judge and jury. And do Canadians really want an end to the fighting—despite what they tell pollsters—that in so many ways helps our country, regardless of what way of doing the nation's business?

The next commissioner Romanow's mandate will not be whether his ideas are viable. His mandate from Ottawa's supposed multi-billionaire surplus. But whether they can stomach the bluster that has put Ontario in many provinces' headlines from going forward, and find a way to keep the coalition creative and pragmatic—by focusing on the goals and not the slippery slopes. He suggests a national health council, a group of government and critics appointed to monitor and referee, so at least whinger ideas in the night can. But do we really need a new bureaucratic mechanism just so Ottawa and the provinces won't squabble in public any more? Remember, if it wasn't for one lousy little dose-bowled province with a chip on its shoulder, we'd never have this thing we are all so generously fond of in the first place. □



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'DOLLARS BUYING CHANGE'

Romanow calls for more federal funding, but only if provinces spend it wisely



ROYAL COMMISSIONS have played a dubious role in Canadian public affairs. Often created under duress, they are empowered by the existing government as an impartial search for solutions to a national dilemma, released to great media fanfare, debated vigorously by politicians and interest groups—then put on the shelf to gather dust. It is against this bleak backdrop that Ray Romanow presented his 334-page prescription for what ails Canada's publicly funded health-care system last week, hoping, and pleading, that this time things would be different. Two years ago, the federal government put \$23.4 billion into the system, Romanow noted, and "two years later, Canadians are saying, 'Why are the waiting lines not shorter, why are the outcomes not better?'" This time, we've got to have dollars buying change.

Pressures to fix the health-care system may encourage governments to take action.

Romanow's report might have been longer than most. For years, Canadians have told politicians and politicians they're fed up with halfway medicine, shortages of hospital beds, doctors, nurses and state-of-the-art equipment, and, upon it all, long waiting periods for diagnostic tests and treatment. They are losing patience and want governments to fix the problems. So his timing is right. And Romanow, while touting innovative approaches, has accurately read the federal government's mind on how to reform health care: reform—make the existing single-payer system better, broader and more efficient, but in no circumstances even hint that private, for-profit delivery systems have anything but a peripheral role to play

in Canada. After all, that's why, when Prime Minister Jean Chrétien looked for the ideal person to lead the commission, he fired on a left-leaning former politician from the so-called left of the political spectrum and not, say, Preston Manning.

For better or worse, Romanow has fulfilled the government's expectations. The former Saskatchewan NDP premier offers a certain, bureaucratic vision of Canada's health-care future. He would have politicians write a "health covenant," a kind of no-nonsense political bill of rights, setting out the services Canadians should expect and the system's responsibility to meet them. He would create a Health Council of Canada, a watchdog group composed of representatives from Ottawa, the provinces and the territories, with a dose of non-aligned public participation, to monitor how the



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Health | >

Romanow repeatedly endorsed. Easy to say, but hard to do. A key, says Robert Cairnes, president of the Canadian Nurses Association, is improvements in primary care, a major recommendation of the report. The idea is to make a team of health professionals—not just family physicians, but also nurses, naturopaths and pharmacists, who tend to be less expensive—more accessible, to keep patients out of the line up at emergency wards or the congestion for scarce hospital beds. As well, primary-care providers are best placed to practice preventive medicine, reducing further savings, says Cairnes. Without such a sea change, “\$6.5 billion will never be enough to make a real difference,” says Cairnes.

But there were plenty of doubters, too. Within hours of the report's release, the truth lines that have hampered progress on health issues in the past had resurfaced. Alberta Premier Ralph Klein led the attack, calling the report “not a science.” He was joined by Ontario, British Columbia, Quebec and, to some extent, Newfoundland. The problem, they said, was that while Romanow correctly identified inadequate federal funding as the problem, he missed the mark in attempting to direct how the money is to be spent. One sticking point: specifying diagnostic imaging as a medical service—effectively banning any extra billing—would not sit well with private operators of those services. Canadian Alliance leader Stephen Harper accused Romanow of producing an inflexible ideological document that fails to appreciate the value of private sector delivery systems.

Ontario even says the provinces recommended money because of its needs, and the Quebecois leader Gilles Duceppe, but “don't come with your national standards and structures and bureaucracies.” In addition, many patients said they wanted no part of a watchdog group to monitor outcomes. “I don't want to add more bureaucracy,” said New Brunswick's Bernard Lord. “I want to improve health care at the bedside.”

Critics also questioned whether the additional funds—while substantial—would be enough to do all that Romanow says needs doing. Some provinces had difficulty meeting federal funds for new technology two years ago, said Alberta Health Minister Gary Mar, because they couldn't afford to support the equipment they already owned. To add expensive new programs such as pharmacists,



Provinces will be asked pressed to turn down billions of dollars to improve health care

home care and palliative care is unrealistic, he said. “I think you're going to see a great deal of push-back,” said Mar. “If the federal government moves forward on conditional funding in areas where we don't currently spend.”

Macowick adds Walter Robinson, federal director of the Canadian Nurses Federation, wants money in the system will fuel salary demands from doctors and nurses. What's more, he says, the system may well not get all the money he's asked for. Commemorating Assembly on the report, Christie said Ottawa will pay more, but not as much as Romanow recommends. “Our health care system remains life support,” says Robinson. “In five years we'll see some improvement, but before long we'll be right where we started.”

Still, the momentum is with Romanow. Christie would clearly love to have a revamped health care system at the top of his legacy list when he retires in early 2004. “I

can make one promise here tonight,” he told a broadcaster in Saint John, N.B. “The Romanow report will not gather dust on the shelf. We will move quickly.” Provinces, in turn, will be hard-pressed to turn down billions of dollars and a guarantee of stable funding just because it offends their sense of jurisdictional purity.

The negotiations are due to kick off this Friday, when federal and provincial territorial health ministers meet to consider the recommendations. Then Christie and the premiers will gather to consider the report in late January. Any province seen to be standing in the way of real reform will pay a political price, says federal Health Minister Anne McLellan. Canadians are not interested in jurisdictional fights, she says, they only want to know health care is there for them when they are sick. “We're saying so, ‘What do you two governments not get about the fact that in this Canada's most cherished social program?’”

Which is mostly good news for Romanow, who set the immediate reaction in a rush-out of bargaining positions. As a former provincial minister who helped cobble together the compromise that allowed the Charter of Rights and Freedoms to be included in a patriated Constitution, he knows he will have to put water in his wine. But for now at least, he can take solace in knowing that, unlike so many before, his Royal Commission report didn't arrive in Ottawa on life support. □





THE HIGH COST OF JUSTICE

Two massive trials in B.C. raise questions about funding and logistics

TAMMIE SHERAN made her first visit to the infamous Pictou pig farm in Port Coquitlam last week, a place she says she was invited to three times while working the streets of Vancouver's Downtown Eastside to feed her heroin addiction. She's alive, she believes, because she refused the 45-minute drive to the farm, and because "I didn't make sex for drugs." She finally went, in honour of her friend Murray Fry, whose DNA is among the remains of 31 women arrested here so far discovered at the site of Canada's largest crime scene. Sheran, who

is white, and her husband Robert Peters, an Aboriginal from Vancouver Island, is mixed race, tobacco and rose petals in a strange pot. The couple walked over them and drilled across the firm, which is scented now by the heavy equipment of investigators.

Most of the dead—from like of 67 women who have, since the 1980s, disappeared from Vancouver's toughest neighbourhood—were drug addicts who fed their habit through prostitution. An inordinate number were of Aboriginal ancestry. Sheran, 32, hopes the traditional ceremony she and her hus-

band performed "will release their spirits so they will go to heaven." She also wants a court trial to provide a more temporal resolution. "I'd like to see an end come to it, at least a bit of closure for everybody," she says. She doesn't sound optimistic. Justice is an elusive concept for women who work the streets.

She's not alone in her concern. The B.C. judicial system faces an unprecedented challenge. The two largest murder investigations in Canadian history are both scheduled to go to court in the province early next

The investigation at the Pictou farm (left) will cost \$20 million this year alone.

The three men arrested in the Air India bombing will be tried in a special \$17.5-million bunker inside the Vancouver Law Courts.



year. Robert (Willy) Pictou faces a preliminary hearing, starting Jan. 13 in Port Coquitlam, on 15 counts of murder. And on March 27 in Vancouver, jury selection begins in B.C. Supreme Court for the trial of three men accused of the Air India bombings that killed 31 people in 1985.

Both cases—the country's largest serial murder and its worst mass murder—are investigative, logistical and legal nightmares. Both involve years of witness statements, not only for friends and relatives of the victims, but also for the accused and for jurors. Both cases have at times threatened to collapse under their own weight. "These are serious cases," says Lloyd McKenna, a retired B.C. Supreme Court justice and informant of fact for the province's superior courts. "They are extreme by the number of deaths—just that element alone." And there are many other factors to consider.

Cost: Getting the Air India case to trial is estimated to have cost about \$98 million in investigative expenses, legal fees for the defence and prosecution, and construction of a high security courtroom. The federal and provincial governments have a cost-sharing formula, and B.C. Attorney General Geoff Plant wants a similar deal for the Pictou case. The first Vancouver police-RCMP missing women investigation will cost \$20 million this year alone, much off for the forensic examination of the Pictou farm. "There are cases that cause their own scepticism," says Plant, arguing for federal help in the Pictou case and a reversal of Ottawa's declining share of legal aid funding.

Jury logistics: The three Air India accused—Rajinder Singh Kohli, Ajah Singh Bajaj and Indrajit Singh Raye—will be tried in a \$7.2-million bunker inside the Vancouver Law Courts. The fortified, oak-paneled courtroom is separated from the spectators' gallery by thick blast-resistant plastic windows. It's equipped with translation booths, TV monitors and computers to handle the enormous document flow. By last year the evidence disclosed by the 12-member prosecution team included 93 binders, a further 179,000 documents containing as many as one million pages, and hundreds of hours of wiretaps, much of it requiring translation from Punjabi to English. Estimates of the trial's duration range from 18 months to three years.

The Pictou preliminary hearing—where a judge will determine if there is evidence to warrant a trial—is expected to last at least 3½ months. Several issues of fairness are already being thrashed out. Pictou's lead lawyer, Peter Ritchie, threatened to quit, saying the B.C. government, while spending millions to convict Pictou, was offering only enough funds for a shoddy defence. A deal was eventually struck to fund a larger defence team with better pay. This week, Ritchie is seeking an extraordinary order to bar the public and media from the entire preliminary hearing. He says the usual publicity ban is unlikely to stop the U.S. media or Internet outlets from revealing evidence, making it impossible to find an impartial jury.

The Pictou case remains a work in progress. The missing women task force alone has 140 investigators, the equivalent of an RCMP detachment. About one-quarter of the 11-bar team has been recruited, that process could continue for another year. Already, 11,200 exhibits, including DNA samples, have been collected—evidence that may lead to more murder charges.

Plant says it's difficult to compare the Pictou case with the lengthy international investigation that led to the Air India trial. "He's charged with 15 murders, that's pretty big, but I don't know what the case will be like in trial," Plant says. "I do know a little bit about what the case has to be like in Air India, enough to know that it's a complex case as well as have been argued in the courts of British Columbia."

The jurors in the B.C. case are paid \$20 a day, plus \$6 in transportation costs, or \$30 per day for trials longer than two weeks. But what if the trial lasts years? "It's a big, big problem as to how to use the jury system when the case becomes as outrageously long and takes you away from your normal livelihood," says McKenna, who spent 19 years on the bench. "It tends to convert your pool of available jurors."

Justice Bruce J. MacKinnon, the presiding Air India judge, will meet a huge pool of potential jurors on March 27, before jury selection begins March 31. The challenge is finding 12 jurors, then keeping the panel intact for what may be years. Canadian law doesn't allow for spare jurors, nor does it let a juror if the number falls below 16, meaning the trial could be jeopardized. "The hazards are extreme, just because of the duration of the thing," McKenna says. And Plant concedes jury pay for lengthy trials is clearly "not adequate." He's searching for a "fair and affordable" incentive so jurors don't lose their livelihood, their families, their houses, their jobs.

But are jurors up to the task? Both trials would involve sifting mountains of legal and scientific arguments. Research by Simon Fraser University into arriving or post-trial jurors found many reported worries about security and the toll on their health and emotions. More troubling, "there is virtually no chance that the jurors will correctly understand the legal instructions given to them at the end of the trial," says jury project member Gordon Ross, a former funder of prosecution who is finishing a Ph.D. in experimental psychology and law at SFU. "If they can't understand and can't apply the law," he asks, "can they convict you according to law?"

Plant, himself a lawyer, concedes that both cases are "a test of how well our legal system operates." Air India especially will be a challenge, he says. "You not sure even I would want to reconstruct an accident in a courtroom, but someone's going to have to do it. And some jury is going to have to sit there and figure it out."

'SORRY' IS THE HARDEST WORD

A timely apology for her mistake might have helped Ducros keep her job

UNTIL SHE UTTERED that now infamous put-down of George W. Bush, few Canadians, and far fewer Americans, had ever heard the name Priscilla Ducros. Known in Ottawa circles simply as Frankie, the diminutive principal spokesperson for Jean Chrétien preferred to keep her name out of the papers. She pointedly did not appear on television. Her media appearances were limited to such regimens as off-the-record debriefings about the topic of the moment, also away any prying cameras and microphones, and minimal late arrivals that her words were strictly for background purposes. Inevitably, then, that Ducros would end her career as the Prime Minister's director of communications last week over a comment she made to CBC Radio to reporter, in a private conversation overheard by another reporter who happened to be nearby.

It didn't need to end this way. A firm rule of any damage control exercise is to admit the mistake, unreservedly apologize for the error and seek to make amends. Few learn the lesson. From Richard Nixon to Bill Clinton, Andy Scott, Ari Egleston, Lawrence MacAulay and a long list of others, the first instinct is to deny, then to explain, and finally to minimize the impact of the misapportion. It seldom works. Inexplicably, Ducros and Chrétien gave the failing strategy another try, at first casting doubt on whether the comment was made, explaining that it was a mere during private conversation, and finally asserting, dubiously, that calling the President of the United States a "moron" was of little consequence.

Rather than muzzling the bleeding, those rearguard moves merely gave the one-day news hit long legs at home and abroad. While opposition critics reported by demanded Ducros' head, an Iraq newspaper pointed on the network news edition that their view of the President in shared internationally, even among America's closest friends. And the person who swore so hard to remain behind the scenes became the subject of the incendiary CNN political talk show *Crossfire*. Ultimately, the story



PM's aide in 'moron' flap won't lose job

Comment: *Ally*

PM's aide quits over moron comment

Comment: *'Very sorry'*
But Ducros instead on staying in place

Headlines four days apart. What's to be done of one's mistake usually turns as a damage-control strategy.

wouldn't die, and caused no much damage to herself, her boss and possibly Canada's U.S. relations for her to remain. Ducros cited only the impact on herself in her now-famous resignation submitted on Nov. 26, the second she had penned and the first which left Chrétien no choice but to accept. "It is very apparent to me that the controversy will make it impossible for me to do my job," she wrote.

Performing her job was already becoming difficult. In her almost four years as the Prime Minister's Office, she had earned a reputation as the anti-Peter Donolo (her jovial predecessor was known for his humour and deft touch at dousing fires). A lawyer, Ducros seldom saw a battle she didn't want to wade into and win at all costs. Her earnest and fierce loyalty were repaid by Chrétien with trust, respect and respect. But they also taxed her to divide the media into two camps—those regarded as fair to her boss and those who

were not. Friendly reporters were awarded with leaks, unfriendly ones punished with unreturned phone calls.

She also made enemies inside the party. When the final split between Chrétien and Paul Martin came last summer, Ducros, whom Martin believed was responsible for dragging leaks about the former finance minister, was blamed for having exacerbated their rivalry. Tellingly, both Martin and Industry Minister Allan Rock, also known to have had a rocky relationship with Ducros, were quick off the mark with statements the day the reports of her gaffe surfaced in print, expressing criticism and offering little support. Ducros once joked privately that, unfairly as she was to be universally liked as Donolo, she would aim to be "the most hated director of communications that ever lived." She was hardly that—but at a time when the needed friends to protect her, there were few volunteers. **E**

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A TIME OF HOPE

Afghans are struggling to get back on their feet, writes SALLY ARMSTRONG

CLOUDS OF SMOKE rise from the grill and swirl around the lunchtime crowd at Sadat, a rustic kebabs of dala (meat) and shous (ground beef) over charcoal. Sadat has operated his noisy sidewalk restaurant, Haji Rahmattullah, on Chahuli Sedrat Street in Kabul for 40 years, and little things have been looking up. "The Taliban bothered us all the time," he says, shouting over the blare of music from his radio. "They came in prayer time, five times a day, and told us to close the shop and go to the mosque to pray." He was averaging 20 customers a day back then—now there are more than 800 at lunch alone. "Nobody bothers us now," he says, turning over a dala on the grill, sending another burst of smoke into the air. "Business is good, women come here for lunch, some with burkas, some without, and we're having fun."

A little more than a year after Kabul was liberated by allied forces, the city is awash in chaos. The real danger, apart from the occasional rocket attack, is the traffic. Masses of cars, yellow taxis and bicycles jockey for space on streets crowded with a smog of choking black exhaust. The concept that pedicars drive on any night of day is as foreign as driving in separate lanes. The electricity randomly flickers on and off, and the telephone network, a maddening mix of seven systems that can't communicate with each other, adds to the frustration. But Sadat is right: there's a spring in the step of Kabul's residents today. Women, once forbidden to appear in public by the Taliban without a male at their side, are trying to achieve some independence. About 30 per cent of them have traded in their conservative blue burkas, some for Western styles, but most for traditional Afghan dresses. The movie theatres and shops are open, there's even an Internet café at the (former) renowned Hotel

The presence of thousands of UN peace-



Taliban bothers us now—business is good, and we're having fun," Sadat says.

keepers and Western aid workers in keeping the Kabul economy afloat and the city safe. But Kabul is one thing. The rest of this country of 25 million remains a very dangerous place. Remnants of the Taliban continue who supported the Taliban are still active in late October and early November they fired rockets into four girls' schools in villages near Kabul, setting the buildings on fire. Under the Taliban, females were not allowed to attend school; the attackers left bearded men waiting parents to keep their daughters at home. Warlords, meanwhile, still control much of the country. Feroz Iqbal, an ethnic Uzbek commander, Abdul Rashid Dostum and Ustad Atta Mohammad, a Tajik, have clashed frequently in the north.

Anad Irmel Khan, a Tipik in the west, has 25,000 soldiers on the payroll, controlling the country's fledgling army.

As President Hamid Karzai attempts to exert his control beyond Kabul, his enemies seem determined to stop him. Last week, the government revealed that a man, whose Afghan security officials say was linked to al-Qaeda, had been arrested on Nov. 22 with 18 pounds of explosives taped to his chest in a plot to assassinate either Karzai or the defence minister, Mohammad Fakhri. "He had been issued and assigned to carry out a suicide mission," said government spokesman Anwarullah Sahib. "He had very clear links with extremist Taliban groups."

Karzai is determined to move ahead with his plan to build a peaceful Afghanistan. The most potent weapon in his arsenal may be the new currency now being introduced

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sign—with nothing to do but collect their wages. Even earning a driver's licence, a basic chore, seems impossible. "You are supposed to take a test and have a licence, but nobody does," says Javeed (he exchanged a packet of real-estate forms for his own licence). With the roads so unsafe, he says, the timeline could be improved by making driving lessons a requirement before a licence is issued. And, he says, "The presence of cars tells you they have the money," he says. "They just don't want to spend it."

Money is being spent in the country's colourful bazaar, where the goods are not in grime, pinched violence of North Africa or Mexico. (Many are so badly done that you can see the heads of people in a movie frame, staring in front of the camera.) Items are sold in front of the camera. A car of items, goods' heads with teeth showing, fruit and vegetables, spices, jewelry, silk, pots and pans and furniture, is also available at the stalls. At bazaar outside of Kabul, smooth of glass, from AK-47s to pump-action shotguns, are also for sale.

But it is in the capital where most of the economic activity takes place—much of it fuelled by pensioners and other foreigners working for the United Nations, who flock to Qudus Street and Plova Street in downtown Kabul to buy carpets and souvenirs before they head home. Foreign money is highly valued and everyone covets it. They will sell a party of fruit enough to eat, tomatoes, cucumber, chicken and french fries to feed a classroom of schoolchildren—all for 440,000 afghanis (\$13). Drinking is forbidden in this Islamic country, but getting alcohol is a hassle of wine or, for that matter, a gin and tonic in restaurants that cater to foreigners isn't a problem.

The influx of Westerners has also triggered a real estate boom in Kabul, with the biggest thing up to rent houses and pushing thousands of families out of much of most of Afghanistan. And the problem has been exacerbated by the return of thousands of refugees who fled to Pakistan to escape the Taliban's rule. The situation brings people like Javeed, who, an award-winning writer with the Afghan Air Force. "The returning refugees have no place to go," says Javeed, "because the UN is paying \$16,000 per month to rent the houses of wealthy people." In fact, he doesn't see where the international money is helping at all. "The UN drains it out of

To keep the nation from sliding back into warfare, officials estimate Afghanistan needs US\$20 billion in aid over five years

ing hundreds of millions of dollars here," he says. "All I see are new Toyota Land Cruisers belonging to the UN that cost more than US\$50,000 each."

To bring more foreign currency into Afghanistan, the government hopes to use its enough ability to restart the country's tourism business, which ended when the Russian army invaded the country in 1979. There are signs of progress. Three 1000-tonner recently arrived in Kabul with the intention of offering week-long bus tours. But most of the country's roads are covered with boulders and potholes, and with bandits and war-torn soldiers around, they won't be offering tours for the time being if these business gets off the ground.

The government is also putting money into restoring ancient Muslim religious shrines in the hope of drawing tourists. Qari Shauwal's family has cared for the 1,400-year-old Shrine of the Prophet Muhammad shrine near Kandahar for three centuries. "This is one of the most respected places in Afghanistan and the Islamic world," says Shauwal. "The shrine is home to a parchment that Afghans believe was worn by the prophet, Shauwal is now helping to rebuild the site. "Before the war we had visitors from many Islamic countries and before that even tourists from Europe," he says.

But more than rebuilding shrines is needed. To avoid sliding back into war, Foreign Minister Ashraf Ghani Ahmadzai says Afghanistan needs US\$20 billion in aid over the next five years to rebuild a war-shattered economy. That's a lot more than the \$4.5 billion pledged by international donors in January. Most of that money has yet to arrive, and Afghan officials say their country is running out of time. "For ordinary men and women, the key issues are: 'Is there clean drinking water? Is there electricity?'" says Ahmadzai. "These are my responsibilities for deciding what our priorities should be and where the money should go." If the country is not rebuilt, many fear for the future. "Ultimately," Javeed says, "Afghans will go back to fighting each other."



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CULTIVATING A NEW IMAGE?

Photos of Saddam appear as Iraq agrees to co-operate with the UN

FOUR YEARS AFTER pulling out of Iraq, UN inspectors returned last week for an intensified search for weapons of mass destruction. The inspectors, whose job was to monitor the dismantling of Iraq after the 1991 Gulf War, left in 1998, complaining about a lack of access. Evidence of nuclear, chemical or biological weapons and missiles was being cleared out, they said, even as they argued with guards at the gates of suspect plants. This time, the 100-odd weapons inspectors will be armed with more sophisticated equipment. Saddam Hussein's promise to co-operate, and Security Council Resolution 1441 if he doesn't. The resolution demands unfettered arms inspections or Iraq will face "serious consequences." For the U.S., that means military action, other nations, including Canada, have yet to spell out what those consequences could be.

The Iraqi dictator maintains his country has no deadly weapons. And, perhaps not coincidentally, Paris-based photo-agency Gamma was just recently able to obtain a series of photographs, originally published in Baghdad in 1996, showing Saddam in a positive light. But even while cultivating his public image, he was dealing ruthlessly with opponents. In the 1980s, he ordered the use of chemical weapons on the minority Kurds in the north of the country in retaliation for their support of Iraq, with which Iraq was at war. Some of the photos from that 1990 exhibit



Clockwise from top left, with one of his six children, with daughter Rula at a 1992 news conference, in exile in Egypt in 1990 after a failed assassination attempt on Iraqi prime minister; greeting French prime minister Jacques Chirac in 1996; in Abu Dhabi with Sheikh Zayed in 1974; with his wife Sadia Khair-Allah, a couple whom he married in 1958



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IN THE BEGINNING WAS THE WORD

The Bible is at the core of Western civilization, writes BRIAN BETHUNE, as the assault on the history in it still has repercussions



FAITH AND HISTORY

The major Christian traditions—Orthodox, Protestant and Roman Catholic—all interpret the Jewish Bible, known as the Tanakh, within their Old Testaments. The Tanakh's opening nine books—Genesis, Exodus, Leviticus, Numbers, Deuteronomy, Joshua, Judges, Samuel and Kings—give the history of the Children of Israel. It takes them from their mythic origins to the Babylonian Captivity that began in 586 BCE. An event within the living memory of the men—or, possibly, the individual religious genius—who stitched together the story of the Chosen People and their demanding God.

THE OPENING of the Gospel of John is the perfect expression of the Bible's crucial role in Western civilization. The Hebrew scriptures, known as the Tanakh to Jews and the Old Testament to Christians, are at the heart of both religions. The great biblical themes—man's relationship with God, atonement and forgiveness, the call to ethical and social responsibility, the absolute worth of the individual—have formed the essential Western way of seeing the human condition, as much for non-believers as for the faithful. In the 16th century, biblical translations became the very engine of national languages, especially in Germany and England. For centuries the King James Bible of 1611 was the English-speaking world's basic text; the book from which people learned to read and think, their major source of images, metaphors and collected wisdom.

One of the Bible's deepest implants in the Western mind comes from its self-definition as a work of history, a narrative that plots events and God's plans along a linear timeline. History is a perpetual, according to the scriptures, not an endless and aimless cycle. Since the Bible began to be shaped about 2,500 years ago, the West has never lost touch with it, as it did with the works of classical antiquity in the Dark Ages. The distilled thought of an ancient Near Eastern culture has never seemed foreign, but rather the most familiar source of intellectual, moral and spiritual ideas available to us. We have always been, and still remain, the people of that book.

Not is the Bible's influence restricted to our cultural DNA—to art and music, law codes and political theory. Prime among its deities, on the ground, efforts to the survival of Judaism and the Jewish people over 3,000 years of dispersal and persecution are the most astounding survival stories in human history. Without the Bible, there could have been no Judaism, and none of

its profound influence on Western civilization. No Holocaust. No Zionism.

No Israel.

But what if the word is not to be trusted? And not just some parts, the ones that modern Christians and Jews—fundamentalists and the Orthodox aside—have already repudiated. The clearly mythical account of creation in its days, for one, or the miraculous tides in the Red Sea at the rambling walls of Jericho.

No, now it's the whole thing, historically speaking. The Exodus from Egypt, the conquest of the Promised Land, even the glorious united monarchy of David and Solomon—all are denied as fiction by revisionist academics known as minimalists. Textual scholars for the most part, they have deconstructed the Bible to fragments while casting a baleful outsider's eye on a century of Near Eastern archaeology. Once canonized by religious scholars who examined their doctrines in the light of the Bible, archaeology is now carried out by secular experts who view scripture in the light of their findings. And what they're digging up offers a startlingly new picture of ancient Israel.

They are hotly denounced by more traditional scholars, often known as maximalists. And in the context of the Middle East, where everything to do with land is already violently charged, it was inevitable that a dispute over biblical history would be thoroughly politicized. Archaeology has "always favoured dominant interests," notes University of Toronto professor Timothy Harrison. In Israel it's been state business from the start. The Palestinian Authority, hampered to deliver even basic services to its people, has set up its own archaeology department. And many devout settlers in the West Bank—the epitome of the Israeli-Palestinian struggle—assert their right to live in Arab territory as scripture.

In Hebrew, the biblical use of the words

of the genomes, some 450 Jews live in a tight, guarded enclave in the midst of 150,000 Arabs. After 12 Israeli troops and three Palestinian gunmen died on Nov. 15 in the city's latest violent clash, another—and history teacher—Mati Meiselman said it was the Arabs who should leave. Mishan, he said, "is more even than Tel Aviv, this is the land of the Bible." Even in North America, dismissing some of Christianity's and Judaism's deepest religious beliefs as mere superstitions, as Rabbi David Wolpe of Sinai Temple synagogue in Los Angeles discovered last year, when he told his congregation that new discoveries about the coelacanth never happened. He was deluged by violent e-mails, and Orthodox rabbis took out a half-page ad in the *Los Angeles Times* as protest.

It's no surprise that the more radical revisionism came at a traditional school day, in a search for the never-before-kind of Ancient Israel, consciously or unconsciously seen to validate Israeli claims to Palestinian land and to erase Palestinian history. Nor is it normalizing that opponents should accuse the minimalists of flirting with anti-Semitism. There's no room in this quarrel for aside anybody. Rival scholars have instead gone

There's no room in this quarrel for academic civility. Rival scholars have gone for one another like "a pack of feral canines."

for one another like "a pack of feral canines," in the apt phrase of Queen's University historian Donald Alston. Charges of forgery and evidence suppression are common. In 1993 a fragment of an ancient stone was discovered at Tel Dan and dated to the mid-9th century BCE. The fractured wording makes reference to a king of Israel and his son ally, a king of "the House of David." It is the first ever extra-Biblical mention of David. And although it proves little more than the fact that kings of Judah claimed descent from David at an early date, it was still considered a major coup for the maximalist cause. Minimalists didn't hesitate to call it a forgery—"one guy more the stone had been cut by a chisel's saw," marvels U of T's Harrison. In a similar vein, University of Copenhagen minimalist Thomas Thompson once wrote that archaeologist William Dever and

his team had destroyed chronologically inconsistent evidence at one biblical site. Dever, a *Washington Post* and *New York Times* professor at the University of Arizona, simply tells his eyes when asked about the accusation: A leading maximist, Dever is equally unshaken about Thompson and his associates. "A lot of revisionists are simply ill-educated, rote-grade fundamentalists who went from one liberalism to another," says Dever, an adult convert to reform Judaism whose father was a fundamentalist preacher. "And they've let themselves be kidnapped by Palestinian extremists who say, 'No Ancient Israel, no legitimate modern Israel.' They've encouraged the translation of their books into Arabic, even though Arabic academics read English. Why do you think they want to be read on the Arab street?"

The minimalism met with sympathy at first. Much of the older model of scripture-supportive scholarship presumes a house of cards waiting to fall. It's been 230 years since scholars noticed there seemed to be two strands of narrative cutting from the very story of Genesis: One referred to the Almighty as Elohim or God, the other as Yahweh or Lord. The former thrives highly of Israel,

ALONG A SKIN OF TIME Academic convention now calls the years since Christ's birth Common Era or CE, and the years before it BCE, or before Common Era; the latter's opening history books cover a vast span of the latter—some 3,000 years from creation to 500 BCE.



| | The Greek account: Aristotle, a rival of Plato, wrote that the Israelites, Greek word for Israel, were sent to Canaan then Mesopotamia | Abraham's gateway: Abraham, father of the 12 tribes of Israel, founder of Judaism and Islam, is seen from Canaan to the Nile delta | Aristotle leads the caravans, bringing the Israelites out of slavery in Egypt and through 40 years in the desert; Joshua conquers the Promised Land | Age of the Judges and the powerful united monarchy of David and Solomon, the main fragments into Israel and Judah | The shifting wars and advances of the independent kingdoms of Israel and Judah, eventually destroyed by Assyria, Babylon |
|-------------------------|---|---|--|---|---|
| BIBLE STORY | | | | | |
| ARCHAEOLOGICAL EVIDENCE | Early Bronze Age 3000-2000 BCE | Middle Bronze Age 2000-1500 BCE | Late Bronze Age 1500-1200 BCE | Iron Age I 1200-1000 BCE | Iron Age II 1000-500 BCE |
| EXTRA-BIBLICAL EVIDENCE | No trace of large-scale migration from Mesopotamia to the Nile, and of some economic centers that might enrich biblical narratives of trade and conquest by Israelites and Canaanites | Early use of migration from Canaan to Egypt in form of drought, and of some economic centers that might enrich biblical narratives of trade and conquest by Israelites and Canaanites | Only Egyptian mention of Israelites about 1200 BCE; says Israel already in Canaan, considered a province of pharaoh, indigenous or migrant as the context suggests | Israelites becoming culturally distinct—days when knowledge of Jews as Israelites, population of north—Israelites only a tiny village | Israel and Judah appear as an ethnic entity, but Israelite refers to "house of Israel"; foreign accounts record fall of Israel in 722 BCE, Judah in 586 BCE |

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Unendangered Species

SO MUCH attention is given to the plight of endangered species that, often, the greatest danger to our wildlife is overlooked. And there are some great dangers to be aware of.

Take, for instance, species like white-tailed deer, moose, bear, and wild turkey. All of these animals indigenous to Ontario. There are more of them here than there were in 1900, and all are doing exceptionally well as are the many other species that share Ontario's natural habitat.

Photo: J. A. Smith

When Canada and, for that matter, all of North America was settled, wildlife existed in vast numbers — a seemingly inexhaustible supply of food and animal-related products. The commercial market was unregulated and, at the same time, huge tracts of forest were cleared for lumber and to make way for towns, agriculture and industry. It seemed almost overnight that an endless supply of wildlife suddenly became very, very limited.

The loss of wildlife and wildlife habitat deeply affected the men and women most involved in our outdoors and, locally, hunters and anglers were the first to band together to form the early conservation groups.

From humble beginnings, the conservation movement has grown and achieved some remarkable results. Governments were led to create laws protecting wildlife. Millions of hectares of wildlife habitat have been enhanced and protected. Government efforts of conservation and management have led to invaluable research and understanding of wildlife dynamics. Species, such as the elk and wild turkey, are being restored to their native ranges.

Consider the giant Canada goose, a waterfowl that, in 1984, was considered extinct. From a small remnant population, they were brought back from the brink by hunters and hunting groups. Waterfowl, seabirds and shorebirds, large were hunted, and breeding and reintroduction programs implemented. Today, Canada geese are a common sight throughout all of their historic range and, in some cases, in numbers exceeding their historic levels.

The wild turkeys, once completely wiped out in Ontario, were reintroduced by hunters in 1984, and now over 50,000 of these magnificent birds fill our province's woods. About 100 years ago the wild goose was almost extinct because of commercial demands for its feathers. But, once again, thanks to hunters and their efforts, this is now one of the most common ducks.

More were once so rare that hunting them was completely banned from 1888 to 1895. Now, thriving in numbers over 100,000 in Ontario, moose are again a familiar part of our natural landscape. Etc.

There are also some from Ontario at the turn of the century but, since 1987, hunters have been working hard to re-establish these beautiful animals here.

Thanks to hunters, there are a great many unendangered species and we are proud of our efforts that have provided a rich wildlife legacy for future generations of Canadians.



This conservation message brought to you by the

the northern and larger of the two branch longfords that eventually arose, while the latter favours the usually southern rains of Judah. Later, more than 2000 sources were pointed to cover material that didn't seem to come from the first two—a remarkable development, given that every last one of them is purely fictional!

Growing awareness of what is now compiled Passages that favour the southern real-life Genesis 49:8, where Jacob tells his son Joseph as long over his 140 brothers, founder of the other is the fifth—could only have been written after they had become a reality. Most scholars push that date of composition to the 7th century BCE or later. For one thing, the patriarchal narrative—the main about Abraham, Isaac and Jacob—make constant mention of camels of camels, an animal not widely used as a beast of burden before then. That means that well over a millennium of Biblical narrative is drawn from oral sources: epic songs, folk tales, hymns, poetry, even puns and jokes. Little of it is a reliable guide to what actually happened, and the only confirmation is what continuous provide

Holy Land archaeology began in the 19th century, and long increased the domain of misanthropes. They came to the Near East seeking support for their beliefs. As the French Dominican Roland de Vaux noted, "If the historical faith of Israel is not found in its history, such faith is criticism, and therefore, our faith is also." These early archaeologists thought they were able to place Abraham within a period of urban collapse and a migration of pastoral nomads at about 2100 BCE, just when the Bible said he lived. But subsequent excavations showed the current wall didn't actually take place. Attempts to move the period to earlier times produced the same unhappy results. Today even mainstream Israel's Dever have given up hope of establishing Abraham, Isaac or Jacob as credible historical figures.

For the exodus from slavery in Egypt—the very heart of Judaism celebrated each Passover (and familiar to millions of Christians, if only from Charles Martin's portrayal of Moses in *The Ten Commandments*)—scholars relied on little more than facts drawn as reasonable assumptions. Many, however, tacitly or not, simply demonstrated the hold the Exodus story had on our imaginations.

And what is beyond the power of the human mind to invent, British historian Paul Johnson confidently asserted as late as 1987. "Something could not be behind story as vividly told, so long entrenched. And besides, adds Hershel Shanks, editor of the prominent Biblical Archaeologist, there is no way to prove it didn't happen. Absence of evidence, even the well-worn historical truism, is not evidence of absence.

But what is absence. Decades of watching the Great Pyramids for any trace of 40 years of Israelite wandering has turned up nothing, not a skeleton or ceramic, from the period in question—even though archaeologists have found the older and sturdier remains in the Sinai. Scholars now agree that the exodus—if it happened—had to have occurred in the 13th century BCE, which also seems not to have been an era of strong Egyptian border control, complete with records of slaves coming and going. As for the traces of ancient Canaanite cities attributed to the Israelite conquest described in the Book of Joshua, the domestic items out to have occurred at other times.

So where did the histories come from? For they were surely there, in some form, at

PAST AND PRESENT Palestinian boys stand across from Israeli armoured vehicles at Hebron, the Biblical site of the tombs of the patriarchs, after the West Bank city's latest violent clash. Some 450 Jews live there in a tightly guarded enclave in the midst of 160,000 Arabs.



most as early as Exodus suggests. That much is known from a two-meter tall stela (uninscribed stone) from the Egyptian Pharaoh Merneptah erected about 1210 BCE to commemorate military victories in Libya and Canaan. A single line reads the Akkadian letter-writer evidence of Israel's existence: "Israel is laid waste, its seed is not." The answer to the puzzle of who these Israelites were and how they arose in Canaan had to wait for another generation of secular archaeologists, and for the Six Day War of 1967.

The children of Israel were always a people of the central highlands. Many lived in what is now the occupied West Bank. Until the war it was torn in two by four Israeli archaeologists, both because they were concentrating their efforts on a fruitless search for Joshua's victories on the coastal plain, and because the land was under Jordanian control. After 1967 they began large-scale soil-densitometry surveys in the newly occupied Palestinian lands. The results were stunning.

Archaeologists found that the central highlands, which had been sparsely inhabited since the Bronze Age, experienced a population explosion. In the century or so of economic and social collapse that led up to the twain-

The settlement surveys show the bulk of the wealth and population to have been in the north—Jerusalem was only a tiny village

son from 1150 to 1000 BCE, peoples were on the move all around the eastern Mediterranean. And about the time the Philistines colonized the coast, highland settlements in the interior began to explode in number from 25 to 300. Scholars still quarrel about where these people—the Israelites—came from. They were Canaanites moving from nomadism to farming, according to Tel Aviv University archaeologist Israel Finkelstein, who has achieved the unique—and dangerously co-ed—distinction of being discredited by both nationalists and revisionists ("I am in the middle," he says, only half-jokingly, "being shot at from both sides").

Jerusalem's Israel, at least at the beginning, was close to indistinguishable from its Canaanite or Philistine, it used the same pottery (always archaeology's favorite iden-

tifier), and even in four-room farmhouses, once thought unique, are found elsewhere. Although Finkelstein raises the ire of the neoconservatives for ascribing historical value to Biblical books, they can have approvingly for the dismissal of the United Monarchy of David and his son Solomon. For materialism, the Biblically stressed realm, which gathered under one rule all the Israelites between 1000 and 931 BCE, was a magnificent failure. Solomonic, in the book of Kings, accumulated riches, wisdom and wealth, and a master builder who raised the first temple for Yahweh in Jerusalem, capital of the kingdom. Although infatigable by Solomon's son, the realm would split into the mid-states of Israel and Judah, that flowering moment of power and unity that long has been celebrated by Christians and Jews.

In a now-familiar pattern, archaeologists have searched without success for remains of Solomon in contemporary foreign records and for traces of his building program. They thought they found the latter in impressive gates at Megiddo—the site of Biblical Armageddon—and other cities, which mentioned in a book of Kings that Finkelstein is having none of. The settlement surveys

show the bulk of the wealth and population to have been in the north—Jerusalem was only a tiny village. It would have been responsible for a sounder state had David not have ruled the neoconservative necessary to conquer Israel. The monumental buildings in the north too, as it came long after Solomon.

Lake Trachonitis, Israel and Syria, the two Hebrew realms were thus independent of each other. If David and Solomon lived at all, they were petty hill chieftains whose exploits were wildly exaggerated by their Judaea descendants. Finkelstein contrasts. The whole purport of Biblical history, in fact, was crafted by the southern religious elite to bolster its claim to rule all the children of Israel after the northern realm was wiped from the map by the Assyrians. Despite it 722 BCE. Materialists applied, though many think that the temple ruins was much later. Traditional scholars, though they may have yielded on the paratexts and the canon, are adamant on the reality of David's kingdom under a historical basis contained in the books of Samuel and Kings.

How is coloring the debate forward, to get a non-Biblical picture of what the Israelites were doing in the 100 years between Merneptah



There in the middle, Finkelstein says, only half-jokingly, being shot at from both sides

and the middle, the Tel Aviv fragment, a now the man. If he Finkelstein, David was among the almost 8,000 participants who went to Jerusalem in late November for the annual meeting of the Society of Biblical Literature and the American Schools for Oriental Research. Dever's talk on searching for evidence in the archaeological record drew a

standing-room-only crowd that spilled out into the hallway. Given the Israeli's indigenous origins, everyone is looking for a way to track their emergence as a distinct people. But the quest for a set of ethnic markers to identify something that mostly exists in the mind—you are who you think you are—and in the sort of self-idea, like when, does not survive 3,000 years in the ground, has a certain potential for absurdity. When a woman in the audience asked about occurrences in an Israeli market, Dever disappeared, "Sure, but what would the evidence look like?"

But Dever does have one on the archaeological hole, a single ethnic marker capable of surviving. Or, to be exact—and in keeping with a debate that is all about absence—a marker that could but shouldn't be there. Pig bones. Considerable effort has gone into attempts to find the new people, in the otherwise now-faded Near East, with a prohibition against eating pork. Yet Leiden and Shalom Ben-Ami, two archaeologists from Tel Aviv University who attended the ASOR session, have dug for a decade at the first Age of Iron site. They're confident in their results. "There's

A LAND OF MULTIPLE NAMES

What's in a name? The power to name is the power to impose a version of events, just as a dispute over defining the past is "inevitably a struggle for power and control in the present." The phrase is from Seth Whitman, a British scholar who attempted to impose his version of biblical history with the very title of his book, *The Invention of Ancient Israel: The Silencing of Palestinian History for Christian the Western world called the land of milk and honey the Holy Land, but in modern times, Westerners have tried to stick to geographical terms. We call the general area the Near East or, more commonly, the Middle East, in opposition to the far East of China and Japan. But Middle East is a term that merely seems geographical and neutral—Asia's western edge is only in the "middle" of anything when viewed through our cultural lens, as a central fringe in an Islamic state extending from Morocco to Pakistan.*

As for the land of the Bible itself, that slice of territory between the Mediterranean Sea and the Jordan River, almost everyone—at least until the establishment of modern Israel in 1948—has preferred Palestine, a name that derives from the Philistines who colonized the



Many have staked a claim to the Near East

coast 1,200 years ago. Long before that, the land had another name, Canaan, a term used by foreigners and by the inhabitants to describe their disparate dispositions, called brief.

That much is known from an inscribed Egyptian stone from about 1250 BCE. What kind of entity it was, as, as how it evolved into the two later Hebrew kingdoms of Israel and Judah (The latter the source of the modern terms, Arabians and Jew, as well as Jewish, the

name many Israelis use for the southern West Bank, the northern part of the occupied territory is often called Samaria, the name of one of Ancient Israel's capital cities.) But regardless of what Israel was 3,000 years ago, it was undeniably there.

So too were others, then and now, even if contemporary Palestinians cannot match the recorded third linking Israel to Canaan. In fact, although the name Palestine dates back to ancient times, its inhabitants did not refer to themselves as Palestinians until recently. That's a development that has paralleled Zionism, and one that evokes some hawkish Israelis, who prefer to see their antagonists as Arabs indiscriminately from Jordanians or Syrians, people who could and should simply fade into neighboring nations.

But it's not about ethnicity, language or religious faith that creates a people—or how could there be a Canaanite? It's shared history that matters, and a century of violent conflict and upheaval has created a Palestinian people living alongside the Israelis. Their claim to their name is a claim to their land and to their story, a statement that they too have nowhere else to go.

PROMISED LAND The borders of Ancient Israel were not defined. Much of the central highlands—the heart of the 9th-century BCE kingdoms of Israel and Judah—lie within the occupied Palestinian territories, now also home to some 400,000 Israeli settlers.



a clear avoidance of pork, and no external meat source that might have made pig-raising difficult," Lederman says. "Otherwise you can't tell them from the Canaanites."

Blumstein and Lederman place the origin of the pork avoidance in the context of Philistine pressure. "If the Philistines were on the border between Israel and the expanding Philistines," says Lederman, "Group identities form in times of stress, a forces people to set themselves off." That's it? A key and clearly ancient factor in Jewish religion, ascribed to everything from an early awareness of wine-borne diseases to the deepest spiritual symbolism, originated in a desire to distinguish themselves from the neighbors? An apologetic smile and a shrug from Lederman. "What else is there to say?"

The short answer is, more than the minimalist assert and less than the maximalist hope. Some level of Israel was there by 1200 BCE—that much Pharaoh Ramesses makes clear—and it was already engaged in the process of self-differentiation that would later set Jews apart from the rest of the world. Pork avoidance was one marker, another, not sufficiently remarked upon, is its very name. There is no scholarly agreement on what



Lederman is a proponent of the search for ethnic markers to trace the Israelite emergence.

the word Israel means. It certainly involves God, and probably also the idea of struggle—"he who fights with God" is a common translation. An ethnic group that invoked deity in its very name was a new development in the ancient Near East, and a sign that from the very beginning, the children of Israel, having defined themselves by their rela-

tionship to God, were on a path that would eventually lead them to monotheism.

What followed the Highland settlements—the evolution to sophisticated but small states eventually swallowed by expansive empires—is still open to debate. The political developments are fluid. Even William Dever, a friend to Ancient and Modern Israel, has voiced doubts over the roots of the violent opposition Orthodox Israel exhibits towards archaeology. That's supposed to derive from women oversteering ancient graves, he notes, but Dever suspects it has its roots in what might be found about their origins and traditions. Continued erosion of the Bible's literal historicity cannot help but undermine their claims to West Bank land.

The Bible itself remains, in the midst of a debate that, in some ways, only serves to emphasize its enormous power. The northern kingdom of Israel was brutally ended by the Assyrians in 722 BCE, its 10 tribes lost from history to myth. Judah had another 136 years before the Babylonians destroyed their state. But because during that time Judahs hammered out the scriptures on the scroll of their collective experience, their heirs too endure. **E**

TOO PERFECT TO BE TRUE?

At always, it boils down to an act of faith, just as it did from the moment a French scholar noticed the inscription on the side of the 14th-century CE stone ossuary. Faith was required to recognize the implications of the Aramaic phrase "James son of Joseph brother of Jesus," to overlook the lack of commonly accepted archaeological consensus—a 7th-century CE burial site found in an antiquated desert 30 years ago for \$200, and to announce that this ossuary might, just might, be the first tangible proof of the existence of Jesus. Hundreds of academics, archaeologists, theologians, and even S&P analysts have become involved in an international frenzy over whose bones had been kept in 1945-66. Could they have been buried in James, the brother of Jesus, the brother of Jerusalem's emerging Christian community until he was stoned to death in 62 CE?

And does it matter? For Christians, the discovery of the box, currently on display at the Royal Ontario Museum in Toronto, could be additional proof of something they already believe—the historical existence of Jesus. If it really is James's ossuary, "it is the most significant find in Christian archaeology," says James



Crowds are flocking to see James's ossuary.

Beverly, professor of theology and ethics at Harvard's Divinity School. "It makes Jesus a fully present figure in terms of history and not just a shadow figure." Beverly, also a columnist for *Wash Post*, adds that the ossuary will help bring the historical Jesus into the light. "He is often obscured by the emphasis on faith," he says, "so if faith shouldn't have concerns about what actually happened."

This sort of simple-mindedness in Jesus worship Robert Eisenman. Author of the 1,800-page book, *James the Brother of Jesus*, he argues that the box is too perfect to be true. "Per-

haps someone has been visiting his 29th birthday, he suggests that the best proof of Jesus would be to establish his relationship with the well-documented James." "I never needed an ossuary to prove that James was important," says Eisenman. "But now we're going to throw James in the soup soup of history again. Make him live. Treat him as an ancestor and use this to prove Jesus again."

Rev. William Verrill, the Canadian minister director for the Christian Reformed Church in North America, finds the debate his clerical but says it doesn't matter where the box once contained. "Certainly we want to know if it is the true thing or not, because the truth is important," he says. "But it is not going to shake my faith one way or the other." However, for those whose faith isn't rock-solid, and for the simply curious, the discovery may mean a renewed interest in early Christianity. Ed Keefe, curator of the James exhibit and head of the ROM's Near Eastern and Asian Civilizations department, is surprised by the effects on just the ossuary and the number of people flocking to see it. But he keeps it unimpressed. "The lineup for the Lord of the Rings exhibit was still longer."

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COUNTING ON CROW

The ex-central banker on the politics of money

AS GOVERNOR of the Bank of Canada from 1987 to 1994, John Crow was one of the most controversial central bankers in the country he led. He was severely criticized for using high interest rates to squeeze down inflation. Yet during his tenure, rates ranged from 14.09 per cent in 1990 to 3.87 per cent in early 1994, while inflation fell from 6.9 per cent to zero. In his new book, *Making Money: An Insider's Perspective on Finance, Politics and Canada's Central Bank*, Crow discusses these days and the nature of the bank's relationship with government. Now an international financial consultant, he spoke with National Business Correspondent Katherine Middleton.

What were your activities as governor?

My main one was to give a clear sense of direction to monetary policy. Where should we be going over the long term? And in particular, what should be the view on inflation? People's expectations about inflation have also to do with everything else that goes on in the economy.

You declared as governor that a huge impact on Canadians whether they could buy a house, whether they might lose their job, did that enter into your thought process?

Well, that's why it's very important to have a clear framework for what you're doing, because you can't be making decisions on the basis of how you feel in the morning, or on the basis of caprice. That's why you struggle with the question of the framework you're pursuing an effort. I've been asked, do you have a mortgage? If you had a mortgage, you wouldn't do this, you know?

That's a fair question, isn't it?

Yeah, a fair question and not a fair question. Should every government have a mortgage? Oh, you could counsel that: should their salary depend upon performance? How do you measure performance?



Crow presided over the highly controversial high interest rates of the early 1990s.

I have argued many times, and I believe it, that the policy was not a high interest rate policy, but a low interest rate policy. But you had to take the right time frame. People had to expect no inflation, or price stability, before you had low interest rates.

How would you describe the relationship between the governor and the finance minister? There's a formal relationship which is set out in the Bank of Canada Act. Essentially, it says that the governor and the minister will consult on monetary policy and its relationship to economic policy generally. It's an interesting question: what "consult" means. Consult does not mean taking instructions. It means discussion. It means listening. And, hopefully—we're all reasonable people—reaching agreement.

If there's disagreement, then the minister may issue a directive. That's never been a directive, but in availability (you as the executive arm), is the government, not Parliament, a clear way of directing policy. So it's an interesting, although fairly intense, sort of relationship, checks and balances.

What about the informal relationship?

It's a careful relationship. The key part is the regular discussion between the minister and the governor. In my time, we would try to meet weekly. I'm not going to discuss those meetings.

Was there enough independence for the bank when you were governor?

Oh, there was enough independence. You went to discuss independence in the abstract. Independence for what? Why do you have a central bank which is, quote, "independent" in the first place? Why isn't it a department of government, with a minister, and fight this out in cabinet? Some people think it should. There was two sides to this, and there are trade-offs to some degree. One is the commitment of government on monetary policy, and the other is the degree of independence of the bank of Canada to do, quote, "the right thing." This leads to how clear the government is engaged to be on what it wants to do about the quality of money.

I think most people who have done this work would agree that we went clearly in terms of mandate. It does the air about what the bank should be doing. And this is where the authors suggest we negotiated came in. They're pretty transparent.

After the Liberals took over in 1993, there was a lot of discussion about whether you'd be appointed to a second term. Did you want one? I was prepared to undertake a second term, but not under any circumstances. We had discussions, the minister [Paul Martin] and I. He pointed out that he wanted the inflation target to go ahead with the current numbers, but without any reference to what happened over the longer term, in terms of price stability. I couldn't go good reason why that should be dropped. That was the issue for me.

in the book, you seem to show disdain for politicians. You mention "fussing from behind." That is the political perspective. Understandably. You want to have everybody pointing you. I would argue that that's why they've tended to have, in essence, an independent central bank.

As is, "Let the governor make the tough decisions?" Men's lives.

But not too independent, clearly?

Not too independent. Napoleon made a famous remark about the Bank of France. In 1806, he said he wanted the bank in the grasp, but not the grip, of the government.



END OF THE MIRACLE

Once a model for the industrial world, Germany is now mimicking Japan

THE FORMER AXIS POWERS

are seen again as the stars of the "Asian" oil wars. For the first time since their economic recovery from the Second World War, Germany and Japan are at the bottom of the class among industrial powers.

Observers said that with the leadership of the dynamic Japanese economy, and an overall global economic expansion, Japan would come back to the fore. Japan among the industrial nations. They got that part right: Japan is no longer alone. Germany's economic performance is now as tangled and tangled as Japan's. Socialist Chancellor Gerhard Schröder's ambitions for peace and red tape have put the country into Japanese mode, and his selection in tonight's book economic managers. Though he seems a moderate, critics could easily state that a working definition of a brand is one who, having lost sight of his end objective, redoubles his effort.

Schröder didn't fail of higher times on the stump this year, but was re-elected with an amazingly anti-American campaign. One of his cabinet members even compared President Bush to Hitler. Germany out of Soviet hands through the Cold War turned out to be good politics at home. I'm sure there's a good reason. Germans would be "prostate," but it can't be said it's the moment. Nor can George Bush. Schröder is shocked—shocked—that Bush doesn't see him as a leader on these days, and he was eager for Bush's support in Germany's quiet quest to become a permanent member of the UN Security Council—the last stage in its drive to be recognized as a "normal" nation again. He's got as much chance of U.S. approval now as of getting a majority of California voters to start eating sausage.

Schröder and his socialist coalition are only partly responsible for Germany's plight. In retrospect, Helmut Kohl's two signal accomplishments—reuniting the fatherland and pushing the nation into the euro—turned out badly for the Germans economy. Only a

Thatcher style drive for productivity and free markets could have powered Germany from losing its status as the engine of Europe, and becoming the caboose.

Why were these two kinds of activities too early for the German economy?

Until the two Germanys were really the only ones where the Berlin Wall fell, followed by the explosion of communism. Germans were thrilled about ending the Soviet threat, and Kohl rode that tide of enthusiasm in writing the rules for reunification.

His government made two serious errors. First, it agreed to accept several Deutschmarks for several Ostmarks (the communist currency) even up. That is the huge mistake that account for most of the workforce surge in the former East Germany for wages equal with the West Germans.

The last decision produced a monetary explosion that forced the Bundesbank into raising to prevent serious inflation. The real value of the Ostmark relative to the Deutschmark was so off (less than the relative value of the Canadian and American dollars).

By letting unions begin to close the gap between the two Germanys, they took away the only advantage East Germany had: cheaper labour. Years of living under communist rule had degraded the workforce. Bright, ambitious young East Germans had fled to the West, even as the risk of their lives, and the risk to Moscow in East Germany was through the Poles, not through productive excellence. Even today, German businesses speak with despair at the prospect of making east German operations as productive as those in the west, despite hundreds

Kohl's key achievements—reuniting the fatherland and going into the euro—turned out badly for the German economy

of billions of Deutschmarks in subsidies. "German efficiency" is not, so many thought, a genetic trait. It can be learned in the flesh as well as a free economy, and it can be unlearned in the machine as well as a free economy.

Because the Bundesbank had to practice such strict monetary policy to offset the political pressure to ease, the Deutschmark was very strong against other European currencies when the European Monetary Union set a common exchange rate for the planned euro. Germany went into the euro with an overvalued currency, particularly against the French franc.

Add in the huge labour costs, and you can understand why German workers are measured as the highest paid in the world. The great export machine that once created Germany prosperity no longer seems competitive abroad. Now that export machine continues to finance the German welfare state, with such amenities as plans of personal unemployment benefits, plus weeks of free sick pay.

Germany's economy-related problems continue. As the economy weakens, German inflation is declining toward zero. However, average inflation rates across the euro zone are high enough that the final outcome of the German debt crisis is not out of the question. Even Germany's central bank refuses to cut its rates. With Germany as it is, the Bundesbank would be closing, and the economy would be getting a monetary transfusion. Instead it gets a mortgage.

Germany's fiscal deficit is at 3.8 per cent of GDP. It shows the major financial gap of three per cent for euro members. In light of historical irony, that is a maximum permitted deficit level Germany formed on its own pattern because of German fear that euro partners would cut off German funds. Perhaps Latin would cut off aid and disburse the new euro. With deflationary forces strengthening, Germany should be meeting a bigger deficit. Indeed, as the economy continues to weaken, it cannot avoid mounting larger deficits, but these are not Keynesian stimulus deficits, they are involuntary fiscal needs.

In both monetary and fiscal policies, Germany is mimicking Japanese behaviour in the early 1990s as it began to descend into a deflationary trap. The German economic miracle is over. What will take its place? ■

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Q&A | JAMIE ARDEN



'MY LIFE'S JUST FUNNY'

The singer turned author dishes on herself

WITH 13 TOP-10 SINGLES, including the mega hit *Swearin'*, *Jamie Arden* is a familiar name on pop charts. Now, with the publication of her new book, *Oh, Keweenaw, Don't You Think I'd Still Live?*, the Juno award-winning singer-songwriter has made a surprise appearance on a print, best-seller list. Coinciding with the release of her sixth album, *Jamie Arden Live with the Vancouver Symphony Orchestra*, the new volume contains excerpts from the stream of consciousness diary she famously *Drunk Arden* shares with fans on her Web site. Arden, 40, had a similarly meandering chat with *Sense* writer Sharon Doyle Driedger.

Your book made it into about a billion lists—just Michael Ondaatje and Douglas Coupland. That's absolutely mental. I'm sure that will taper off by Thursday. It's embarrassing. I think what I write is certainly living, fierce

poetry. But I'm not trying to be like White Man or Carol Shields or Margaret Atwood. It's good reading for the husband. My mom said, "I just wish you wouldn't swear." And my dad said, "I could have used a little less of the sex stuff." I don't recall writing any sex stuff, but apparently it was something to do with a vibrator. I swear, it's so true, it's like reading *Arden's of Sunnybrook Farm*.

A certain philosophy of life emerges.

Yeah, but for someone like me, who only graduated Grade 12, I would be more comfortable calling it an opinion than a philosophy. It's a book about nothing. My life is very boring. I drop off any day closing. I have a coffee at the Second Cup, I cook dinner for friends, I just hang life, generally, making up, thinking, "Why am I here? What's going to happen to me when I die?"

How do you maintain a normal life despite your fame?

I'm not as weird as Jackie Collins, every couple in Prague. I live on the Prairie, I happen to be a singer-songwriter, which is a kind of fragment of my life. Calgary's so much about people see me, and it's, "Oh, it's her again." Steve Earle, buying 80 pounds of avocados at Costco, and 60,000 pounds of corn feed, and people go, "Hi, I know who you are."

Do you edit your journal?

No, I just write them and push the buttons. I don't have anything to hide. When you're dealing with human emotions, I don't think there's anything that's mine. We all share there. I don't think I've written about any bowel movements.

Why does someone as funny as you always write about her thoughts?

Oh, I don't know. Even in high school, when I picked up my mother's guitar and started composing, it was very personal to me. I was reluctant to even tell people I was singing "Hey, Mom, Dad, here to this. It's a song about everybody dying in a fiery crash, and look the dog's head's rolling down." When I was 18, I sang at my graduation because

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Q&A | >

some of my friends said, "Oh, you have to." My parents just sat there. My mom said, "Well, I was shocked!" Besides, I don't happen and stress is a closely related. I mean, we say, "I died laughing. I split a gut laughing. I laughed until I cried." You know, the association is not just semantics, how we choose to express ourselves tells us a lot about ourselves.

Do you work on your comedy?

I don't do a thing. My life's just funny. My parents are funny. I'm quick on my feet. Maybe it's because, when I started singing, I was in a band and we knew four songs and we had to play for five — an hour, so the guys would say, talk in between songs.

Besides several '90s songs, what do you think you have in common with Shania Twain and Celine Dion?

Our physiques. We're very super-casual, I don't think. We all have our tummy on a regular basis. I've never had my tummy out in my own house. I walk around fully clothed. I don't like to be nude for like, more than 30 seconds. It's like, oooh, I've got to get some, at least, socks on.

Did body image affect your career?

Absolutely. It's huge — image is still of paramount importance. Years ago, they said, "You're 30 pounds away from superstardom in America." I didn't know what to say. I got to my husband's phone my mom, and she said, "Why didn't you tell them you didn't want to put on any more weight?"

Do you have a personal trainer?

No, but I have a treadmill, a bike and a few little free weights. Believe it or not, I work out five days a week. I jog watching the food channel.

Is there someone in your life right now?

No, I'm quite single at the moment. My dad always says, "I should've hung a ladder outside your goddamn window when you were 15." My mom says, "If you had a baby, your dad and I'd look after it 'til you're 18." Well, OK, I'll get on that this weekend! It's not that I have a son, thank like everyone. It's with some sobriety, I wouldn't say.

What's your biggest fantasy?

My life has surpassed any fantasy my little head can hold. Doing a career benefit with

the Backstreet Ladies, Sarah McLachlan, Ryan Adams and Chantal Kreviazuk was a really surreal event for me. I'm thinking, what am I doing with these people? I don't have any big fantasies, you know — having a flame rip my clothes off and throw me on the hood of a car. That my parents would live forever? That'd be great.

What were you like as a child?

I was apparently a shade bit with a very shrill, horrible voice. My mom says I was constantly teased. She always worried about people thinking I was mean at home. I'd send you off looking so cute, and you'd come home and you'd have scars on your face, missing a sock. It was really a perfect childhood. When I was eight, we moved to the country. It was all blowing up frogs and building forts that never flour and building tree forts. It was like Huckleberry Finn.

In the book you say alcohol ruined your life.

I remember that line — I think it rained a time in my life. In my teens and 20s, I ended up working in really bad bars with really older people and one thing led to another. I was in the middle of — an northern British Columbia, singing for eight fishermen. And you think drink beer. I wasn't a good-looking class of myself. It hasn't continued.

I gather from your book that you like Celine Dion. What gifts do you want?

I'm always happy with socks and undergarments. I would also like a Kitchen Aid food processor. But I told my parents I'd buy it for myself, because it's too much money for them. Then my mom says, "Exactly when are you going to use that?" And I'm thinking, "Can't it just sit on the counter so I can look very gourmet huh?"

You frequently mention food in your book. Are you a spiritual person?

Very much so. We're such egotistical beings we think we actually do everything by ourselves. I don't. When I surrounded my old life, it's like, oh God, I'll go wherever you want me to go. When ever I try to decide things for myself I screw up. All through my 20s, I said a prayer every weekend that I wasn't pregnant. God only knows what I gave up. "Lord, if I'm not pregnant, I never I'll never do this or that again." It was a really stupid way to live my life. I had no self-esteem. I'm not that person anymore.

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A red convertible car is shown floating on a body of water. Inside the car, a man wearing a white shirt and a red cap is at the wheel, and a woman is seated next to him. The car appears to be a small, motorized boat designed to look like a classic car. The background shows a shoreline with trees and a building. Overlaid on the image is the text: "We'll help you realize your dreams. Whatever they are."

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ward to answer

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A TRULY DISTINCT SOCIETY

Canada is about to become the only nation with two prime ministers

THERE ARE SEVERAL things one could say about Canada. It is the second largest country in the world. For some years the United Nations told the world it was the finest country in which to live. It is a country that is almost always ruled by the Liberal party.

It is about to lose another distinction: It will become the only country on the globe with two prime ministers. This is difficult to believe, but the sober, sane Liberal party—famed for its discipline and running by the rules—has somehow managed to arrange this fate.

The Grits, because Paul Martin has figured out how to control the party machinery, have announced they will hold a leadership convention to choose a new leader on Nov. 25, 2000, a decade after Jean Chrétien was first elected prime minister. However, as chronic would have it, Chrétien has announced he is not leaving office until February of 2004. This is to be on schedule more than 10 years as prime minister.

So we will have, on that November day, our new leader (Jean Chrétien rumored to be P. Martin) of the Liberal party which holds a safe majority position in the House of Commons. And a sitting prime minister who is as fit as a fiddle. Can we have both a Liberal leader and a prime minister? Such is the magical responsibility that one concerned Ottawa pundit has wanted puzzled voters to be ready for the perennially dull Prime Minister David Colville, a loyal Christian who would ask scientists, anyplace, any time PM while the face played out.

Another esteemed Ottawa pundit has suggested a better choice this scribbler would allow—the 33 in PM would be the Saskatchewan oil gatherer Ralph Goodale, who has retired in 1947 John Munley, you see, the deputy prime minister at the moment, wouldn't be available for this thank-leavak because he, early in 2000, would've actively pursuing his hapless pursuit of P. Martin, the rumored future PM.

The Akerens, who have everything written down in their constitution, elect

their president in November, but he is not sworn in until January 16, ruled by the British parliamentary system, have so much protocol. Maggie Thatcher found this out when she went to Paris one weekend and an entrance found she had been unhorned as PM, later to be replaced by one John Major, he of "timidly valiant" fame who has been revealed as looking one of his female cronies' cronies.

This is of great fun for soothsayers and those who are the central of goals, but it is one pain. The second for longest leadership race has one risk. The guy so far in the lead is left naked for those trying to find warts and a clay chin. The reason? Chrétien so dislikes P. Martin—made from the Upstairs/Downstairs background defining each of them—is that he feels his rival is indecorous and even weak.

The walling of the dauphin over the unrecognizable Borneo man has already settled the members of an Ottawa press gang eager for a contest, rather than a coronation. There is another matter in this non-contest, leaving even the Manley, A. Rock and S. Cogan people threatening to throw in the towel immediately unless the party machinery change the rules on leadership delegation selection the Martin heaven has already arranged.

Not humble scribbler, being a conservative sort, is not normally shouting war. But this department would put 50 bucks on a wager that, at this moment, some newspaper—Globe and Mail, National Post, Ottawa Citizen perhaps, never the true Grit Times to share—has put a three-reporter team onto a long investigative report of P. Martin's rich-

es, clearly slips. I once asked him how old he was when he became a millionaire. He guessed at the ending four, innocent, and said, "About 30, I think." Halfhearted, who never was denied the Liberal leadership, advised him to make his money first before going into politics, as he would never be accepted or toyed with by wealthy financiers. Wise advice (which is why the hard-scrabble) Chrétien hates P. Martin).

What excites news editors is when some unexpected, obscure item captures public attention. One is the tragedy off the Spanish shore, where a rusty old drunk carrying 77,000 tonnes of fuel oil broke up near the coast. That's about twice what the now-famous Exxon Valdez—inspired by a drunk—broke up in a tanker in an Alaskan reef nearly 14 years ago. Despite a US\$900 million payout by Exxon, the litigation is still in court.

The clunker off Spain, known as Prestige, was, of course, operating under a flag of convenience, in this case Bahamas, that celebrated home of oil digging. The early word of sinking came by the flag of convenience submarine is well-known. The clunker Prestige, longer than a football field, holds Greek captain, an Australian and Liberian owners, and was fulfilling a contract for a tanker based in Switzerland to carry Russian oil to Singapore from a Baku port in Latvia.

The crown prince has made his fortune through Canada Shrimper Lanes and he has always maintained that his holdings are in a blind trust and he has nothing to do with it. By happenstance, there comes at the same week as the Prestige hit Justice Michael Sharpe of Nova Scotia Provincial Court fining CSL \$125,000 after it pleaded guilty to illegally dumping oil barge into the Atlantic Ocean off Halifax. It matches the largest fine ever issued to a shipowner for polluting in Canadian waters.

The future prime minister of Canada has always maintained that his blind trust, which he never steers, simply has to cooperate with his composers in the slapping lanes. It is left to the great journalists of Canada to check out whether the former finance minister of Canada, who killed the deficit, has a blind trust company that goes off shore to avoid taxes. Who knows? Good luck, fellow scribbles.

Allan Fotheringham reports every other day. afotherham@shaw.ca

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'I WAS FIGHTING FOR MY LIFE'

Ontario's lieutenant-governor recalls the attack that almost killed him

James Bartleman's rise from an impoverished small-town childhood to his position as Ontario's first openly-identified lieutenant-governor as a uniquely Canadian success story. Prior to his appointment last January, Bartleman, now 62, a member of the Republican Party, had spent more than three decades as a diplomat, serving as high commissioner to Australia and South Africa, ambassador to the European Union, Israel and Cuba, and as an adviser to Prime Minister Jean Chrétien, but that rise was not painful as in the excerpt from his memoirs, *Out of Africa*, Bartleman recalls the violent racist that almost cost him his life—and that ultimately forced him to come to terms with his inner demons:

IT WAS A VIOLENT MUGGING, no different from dozens that occurred daily in South Africa in February, 1999. This time I was the victim.

The Canadian government had named me high commissioner to the post-apartheid country of Nelson Mandela in August, 1998—a posting I had requested. Life could not have been easier—or so it seemed. My family was close and supportive. Professionally, I had been awarded with progressively more senior responsibilities. And I had been nominated to receive a prize from one of the major Canadian Aboriginal organizations.

On the day of the mugging I had been in Pretoria, hosting a meeting of Canadian ambassadors and high commissioners from neighbouring nations. I caught an early evening flight to Cape Town, 1,300 km away. A driver whisked me to the Windward Main Street Hotel, at the foot of the Cape mountains. The consulate had made the arrangements, ensuring my secretary in Pretoria that it was clean, comfortable and safe.

Fifteen minutes after checking in, I was fighting for my life. A black, neatly dressed, heavily built individual in his early 30s had come to the door to say that the front desk had asked him to check the condition of the fan. When I turned my head, my visitor produced an electric stun gun against my

stomach, pulled the trigger, and released 50,000 volts of electricity into my body. I did not collapse, but fought back. Shouting "No! No! No!" I slipped back to kick him as hard as I could. I looked into the man's eyes. They were black, impersonal and hostile. Even as Aboriginal Canadian, but when I was just one more rich white man, of the same race and social status as the South African European elite that had oppressed blacks, coloureds and Asians for generations under apartheid.

I saw that I had knocked my assailant to the floor, but he was rising to his feet. He smashed his fist against my jaw, eating my mouth and jamming my teeth. As I backed away, throwing unreflexed punches, I listened to myself screaming. He delivered a

blow that broke my nose. After giving me a thorough beating, he said that if I did not co-operate, he would kill me.

"Like what you want and get out," was my answer. He was in no hurry, preferring to hold my hands behind my head and search my luggage. All he could find was 1,200 rand (about 300 dollars). He became even nastier, slipping me around and demanding to know where I had hidden the money. He had seen me arrive by chauffeur-driven limousine, dressed in an expensive suit. Obviously I was a rich man. He didn't understand my explanation that as a diplomat I received a clothing allowance, but in reality was paid a modestly paid public servant.

I looked over his shoulder at the television, an obscure price of South African drama

was being enacted. The actor strutted across the stage, oblivious to my distress and leaving me with the feeling that I too was just playing a part in a play.

Like everyone else, I had my routines. I revelled in the company of a date, loving family. I had, however, been struggling with a depression that had been growing in intensity over the previous three years. Sometimes at night I had nightmares. I dreamt that I was again half-breed kid in Port Garing, drowning that he had become a diplomat who had successfully head challenge other challenges to rise to the top of his profession. I would then awake (not in the dream) to find myself back in Matsioka, the half-breed kid once again afraid to confront the outside world.

This dream had been visiting me periodically for more than three decades. This would lead me to ask myself two questions: Who am I anyway? Have I ceased the right to such success as I have had?

My caper paced back and forth, talking on his cellular telephone. Every few minutes he returned to cuff me on the head, reminding that I had been where the money was

hidden. At last he decided to leave. He started to freeze a piece of underwear down my throat, he wanted to be sure I wouldn't miss the alarm.

In the course of my career in the foreign service, I have been held up by bandits in Latin America, hit by rocks during the riots in Israel, forced to make an emergency landing on board a military helicopter in northern Italy, and almost swept to my death in a rapids river in Labrador while a guest of Canada's military. I had escaped disaster so often that I had come to think I was invulnerable.

This time it was different. My broken nose was filled with congealing blood, and I couldn't breathe. I would die a horrible death by suffocation unless I could remove the gag. It managed to spit it out.

My persecutor was starting to cuff me back in when I began to beg for my life. I told him I had a wife who would be widowed and children left without a father. I would make no noise as he made his departure. Why not simply let me go as an amputee?

He looked at me carefully, perhaps seeing

for the first time that I was a human being. I continued to suck to reach him on a personal level, telling him that the chairman sports club and tennis to that he had stolen asked him and saying the bigger LeCoulre watch (an anniversary gift from my wife) were well with his new wardrobe.

Suddenly he stopped, saying he would let me live. He bound me to the wheelchair and walked to the door. Then he turned around and came back. I thought he had changed his mind and it was the end. Instead, he said, "I'm sorry," and left the door. I was devastated. This petty thief, after brutalizing, humiliating and robbing me, was now willing to drop me the right to hate him.

The next five days passed in a blur. Prime Minister Chrétien called to express his shock. Hundreds of colleagues sent messages of goodwill. Other senators, members, still alive years later, that I had been beaten up in a bar. The departmental press officer called to remind me of the unspoken code of Canadian diplomats who are victims of crime when abroad must follow: play down the gravity of the incident to avoid offending the host government. I complied.

I was shaken to the core. The dream appeared each night. It was as if the grovelling I had had to do to survive had resurrected old struggles over material issues that I had come to terms with as a child and youth. If I wanted to recover, I would have to address the questions raised by my dreams.

At first I blamed problems of identity and early childhood poverty for creating a personality so fragile that it would collapse at the face of a mugging. It pulled myself together as I realized that the racial discrimination and poverty I had experienced were no different from what millions of Canadians endured in their time and contrast to experience today. I had been the lucky one. My family had emerged from poverty, social figures of rare power from both the Indian and white sides of my heritage had served as role models. My close ideological family had provided emotional support, a benefactor had sent me to university, I had travelled to Europe at a time of great change in post-war history—and against the odds I had become a diplomat and a representative of my country.



The beaming left Bartleman (with wife Marie-Josée and daughter) "kisses to the bone"



He had his own car by age 25, but his earlier poverty created a "yuppie" personality

The excerpt is from *Out of Africa*, copyright © 2002 by James Bartleman and Peter MacKenzie, and is reproduced by arrangement with Penguin Press (ISBN 1-85131-31-2)

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Essay



SPEAKING IN TONGUES

Bilingualism is saving the country, writes BENOIT AUBIN in Montreal

IT WAS EXPECTED that people in Edmonton would overlook the fact that the national anthem should be sung in two languages in a nationally televised Grey Cup game—Montreal Alouettes playing or not. They said that in Alberta, *serch they?* They don't know that French is still spoken elsewhere because they have killed it in their own province. They were the ones resulting against bilingual steel boxes shoving French down their throats, right?

Well, we have to revise our clichés now. The most revealing feature of the great Grey Cup National Anthem kerfuffle is that it did not take place. The organizers in Edmonton were quick to recognize their faux pas, profuse in their apologies, and gracious with their Plan B. They gave us the original, French version, sung in full—instead of the bilingual conception used on hockey night—sung by Meredith McGill with a lovely accent. No bee-bee on the stands. Nohtrekking by the professional whines in Quebec. No story. No problem.

Something is up, obviously. Alberta-billy goats-in-red is a radically new formula in our national political, cultural equation. Meanwhile in Quebec, a generation of parents who qualified as *bien bilingue* French-language activists are now enjoining their children to pursue graduate studies in English at McGill or Concordia or Bishop's, to improve their chances in life.

On paper, it is a good plan, of course. But... poor kids? I happen to know one of them very well, and I am only empathic as she tries to master the intricacies of financial accounting and management theories in a language she understands, but does not command yet.

Small wonder that Pierre Elliott Trudeau encouraged such passionate resistance when he introduced bilingualism as a policy defining Canadian society more than 30 years ago. Bilingualism is not a natural state of mind; it is an acquired skill, very much like golf swing. Decades later, Canada



is still not really bilingual, mostly a country that booms—or laments—two official languages. Only one province, New Brunswick, is officially bilingual. Others, the capital city, is not. The province of Quebec is bilingual *envers*, but not so officially. Montreal is where English speakers have increasingly learned French recently, thus creating a novelty in America, a bilingual Anglo-Saxon minority.

You have become bilingual the day you are able to crack a joke or snap back in anger in a language other than the one you learned

on your mother's lap. But until then, you often feel very much like an immigrant, struggling to communicate intimate observations through an unfamiliar idiom, *compré? compré?*

Nowadays, bilingualism is increasingly viewed as a certified asset, one that provides mobility and insight. According to Karl Moore, a management specialist at McGill University, there is a disproportionate number of Canadians wanting large international organizations the world over. The fact that they come from a smaller, and



bilingual, country makes them better suited than, say, Americans or Britons to understand and handle the various cultural sensitivities at play in the global economy.

Just a few years ago, though, bilingualism was viewed by many as the intervention to oblivion. The separatist movement in Quebec has its roots in the alarmingly high rate of assimilation among French Canadians living in the other provinces of the rigid, insular, and often downright intolerant Canada of the '60s and '70s. Back then, bilingualism was a burden imposed on the poor and the weak only on immigrants and French Canadians.

Bilingualism is the ability to use two different languages adequately—but separately. Francophones in Quebec have always struggled to master English words from their daily idiom—most often in vain. Forty years ago, learning French names of our parts was included in the school curriculum, and thus *le pavé* class has since replaced *le boulevard*, and *le coin* replaced *le quartier*. *Le coin* is the *block* on Radio-Canada television has taught generations of kids how to name hockey shots and moves in their own language instead of English. But never always comes in later than the snarl of a snarl on the job, and kids today “swallow a snarl” just as they “swallow a pick” in my youth.

The big novelty now is that English speakers in Montreal also have their own linguistic grey zone, as they navigate the autonomy to the *disparpée* or visit city hall so haggled with a *fonctionnaire* over a problematic dossier. A local TV personality at hand tries to ease Montreal's latest was recently heard inviting her companion to “a little *bit*” for someone's birthday and it was not clear whether that was another case of *Forgetting*,

Our sixty problem was not paragonical, but more a matter of cultural ignorance.

or rather a bit of snobbery, quite common in nouveau-bilingual English-Montreal. Most francophones would have mentioned knowing “a little *bit*”.

So, the unthinkable has happened: Bilingualism has gone from bad to good. Montreal Anglos can now speak French. In New Brunswick, Bernard Lord has pushed a linguistic reform that guarantees more rights and powers to French-speaking Acadians—whose rate of assimilation has greatly declined over the past decade. And in Quebec, the Parti Québécois government is on watch in the word, classism, rudeness, politeness.

What happened? Fear has vanished, that's what. Ignorance breeds fear, and fear a powerful motivator but a rotten adviser. People who think they are in danger think of themselves first, and are prone to seeing threats and conspiracies everywhere.

Remember the mass murder of head of toes in Toronto, following the election of the Parti Québécois in the late '70s and early '80s? Hundreds of thousands of educated, middle-class people uprooted themselves, their families, their future, took huge losses on their houses and left behind crippled English-language institutions in a severely weakened city. They also took their resentment

with them—and for two decades that attitude has poured into English-language media, here and abroad, which took great delight in announcing the death of Montreal, or denouncing the latest buffooneries of Quebec's “language police.”

Those who have stayed behind could not help but question the deeper motives of the people who claim to flee rather than see the natives take over—would become refugees rather than bilingual.

Some Quebec was chanting “Le Québec sans Québec”—which can be disturbing if you're Jewish—and sure, small businessmen were annoyed by supercilious signs in English, and yes, nationalism can lead to intolerance and is not comfortable when observed from a minority point of view. But if the Quebec separatist movement had been a fascist-inspired, vengeful drive for ethnic and linguistic purity, as it has often been described in Canadian and American media, then, surely, we would have seen it by now. It was not, of course. The proof was in the pudding: teach the children a second language and first thing you know, your political crisis is gone.

Bilingualism is Pierre Trudeau's legacy. But Trudeau's yin has been compounded by Carmine Laurin's yang. His language law, Bill 101, was meant to be the first law enacted in the newly proclaimed republic of Quebec. Its aim was to “make Quebec as French as Ontario is English.”

But this being Canada, a civilized country of unarmored citizens, the law of unintended consequences has played a wonderful trick. Laurin's law has triggered an enormous toppling of dominions that has led to today's apparent equilibrium: a pacified, de facto bilingual Quebec, still made increasingly bilingual Canada.

With 20/20 hindsight, we see that our national unity problem was not so much a constitutional issue, and certainly not a mere-brother conflict, but merely the result of our cultural ignorance. Spoken of the aggression we could have spared ourselves, had we known ourselves better then.

What now? Maybe we can seek out and eliminate the subversive training camp where Air Canada personnel are taught to speak that gibberish that passes for either French or English—but neither. The day that flight attendants can tell us to buckle up in two understandable languages is the day Canada will be saved—for good. ■

We may have achieved equilibrium—a pacified, de facto bilingual Quebec inside an increasingly bilingual Canada

IN SEARCH OF COMFORT, A BEAR WILL LINE ITS DEN WITH GRASS AND LEAVES. I, HOWEVER, REQUIRE A LITTLE MORE REFINEMENT.

Every spring I pick up my Envoy and move to the foothills of the Rockies to study the black bear. My first job is to find the bears. Nature doesn't suggest to bear track a bear you have to become the bear. So where it goes. Eat what it eats. Sleep where it sleeps. GPS satellite tracking doesn't hurt either.

My job requires constantly moving equipment and gear over great distances and rugged terrain. It's no mean feat behind all the creature comforts of the city. All except for my GMC Envoy, which adapts well to the task.

With a seat for kids covering a thick layer of fat, a bear can just comfortably put about anywhere—a long or up against a tree. I, however, need my GMC Envoy.

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Over to You | SANDRA PHINNEY



TATTOO YOU—AND ME

When my daughter demanded skin art, little did she know I had my own plans

LAST YEAR, when my daughter Margo turned 18, she asked if she could get a tattoo to give the old man a run. "When you turn 21." Then I curled in for good measure. "You may think that's cute now, but how come will it be when you're 30, flabby and toothless?" She was not convinced.

When I was 18, back in the early '60s, my girls didn't get tattoos. The mere mention of the word conjured images of bad-boy sailors, bikers, punks and guys you'd never bring home to mom. But that was then. Little did my daughter know about my secret. I, too, wanted a tattoo.

It all started six years ago when I received a scholarship to attend the Maritime Writers' Workshop at the University of New Brunswick in Fredericton. While there, a fellow was shipped away one afternoon. She returned with an extraordinary tattoo on her left shoulder. I was mesmerized by the artistry I wanted one.

Only one thing prevented me—a lack of funds. Back home in Nova Scotia, our firm was a heartbeats away from bankruptcy. The spare change I had for the week would not pay for a tattoo machine, let alone a tattoo. Time passed. We sold the firm.

Time flew. Margo left home to attend St. Thomas University in Fredericton. Within a fortnight, the tattoo request started to creep into her e-mails. I found an awesome place, and, to my surprise, every tattoo he does is original. He won't do the same one twice, and it's really, really good quality and really clean. She was nervous. She requested a tattoo for her birthday. "Mother dearest, if this answer was a lie, I hope you do a better job explaining why."

Things started getting trickier by the minute. I had already planned to get a tattoo on my next trip to Fredericton. With a booking to give a workshop on freelance writing at UNB the last weekend of October, I knew I was getting a tattoo. I told my husband. Amused silence. I suggested we give Margo a tattoo for her birthday. Unwavering silence. Raised eyebrows. Acquiescence.

As Margo and I both had birthdays coming up, I sort of darling daughter an e-mail suggesting an early double birthday 9-day celebration when I visited. We would both get tattoos. This took her a while to digest. What would I get? A swallow, on my wrist.

I could count to the day when the swallow tattooed to our firm. My eyes always filled with tears of pure joy to see them swoop back each spring. Such elegance. And so elegant and hard-working. Now, with the impending trip to Fredericton, I started to visualize an ink blue tree swallow hovering around my left wrist. The tattoo artist said to bring some pictures along. I found exactly the right one in a bird book.

The day arrived. I was on my way to Fredericton—and my rendezvous with the tattoo artist—when I suddenly, my daughter's schedule didn't mesh with mine. To her great consternation, I went on my own.

With a new-age name like Skidwater, the place would, I imagined, be big, bright, modern—the sassy spa. What I found was a tiny wooden bungalow on a stretch of highway sporting strip malls and fast food.



place. The large, black, squiggly TATTOO sign on the outside of the building gave me the chills. I sensed that I was the oldest dame to grace the portals of this establishment.

I took a couple of deep breaths and ventured in. I was greeted by L.J. Dave—who preferred not to give his last name—sporting dyed curled locks and more piercet things on his face and ears than I could count. Some pretty well-worn adorned his arms. We looked at the pictures I brought. He asked my name because he chose. I liked his voice. It was good.

Most people say that getting a tattoo is not really painful. They say things like aggression and annoyance. Don't believe it. It's not like a cross between a root canal and a D. and C. My fingernail impressions are still in the book I tried to read as a diversion. I read the same paragraph over and over and over. After 30 minutes of white knuckling it, I figured that the best defense was simply to immerse myself in the experience.

"Would you mind if I get my camera and took some pictures?" "Go ahead."

"Oh, yeah. I'm a writer. Maybe I could bring in my notebook and ask you a bunch of questions?" "Sure."

Prize bet! The last 30 minutes flew by. The cool tattoo artist was merrily a demure's drill, but instead it was a bunch of needles. Depending on the desired effect, L.J. Dave used those to seven needles in a time they jabbed my skin between 2,000 and 3,000 times a minute, poking the dyes in.

Now that the contours of the bird and its features were outlined in black, he filled some parts with blue. Then he shaded in with dyes of brown, white and more blues. The bird took on character, form and color. One handsome 7 cm by 5 cm tree swallow—as if I just swooped in from our old firm. I was ecstatic. "Happy birthday, old girl!" I said to myself.

The reactions of friends and family were mixed. "Are you going to keep it?" "You wild woman you!" "Don't imagine there's another one quite like it!" "Whatever possessed you?" "Tell me you'll be able to watch that?" Margo's response? Her eyes lit up. "That's awesome, mommy! I'm so proud of you!" I grinned, and felt sure-faced and free. Like an 18-year-old.

Postscript: Margo put off getting a tattoo. She discovered other things she wanted for her birthday.

Sandra Phinney lives in Yorkton, S.S. To comment, email comment@canoe.ca

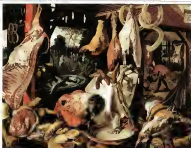
ZAPPING THE GERMS

Food irradiation kills disease-causing bacteria—but what else does it do?

ANYWAY YOU LOOK AT IT, Health Canada's notion of hardening food with radiation to kill dangerous germs is going to be a tough sell. Most consumers would probably cringe if they knew the cheeseburger they were about to slurp down on had been zapped with enough radiation to kill a house—the equivalent of about 30 million chest X-rays. But those are not glow-in-the-dark burgers: Irradiated food is not radioactive. While the process creates chemical by-products in the food, Bruce Lauer, head of Health Canada's food additives and contaminants section, says animal tests show it's safe. And while some nutrients are lost, Lauer notes that freezing and cooking also decrease a food's nutritional value. "The benefits of food irradiation are overwhelming," he says, "compared to the small amount of risk that would be created from the treatment of food."

Not everyone is convinced. This is partly why Health Canada invited public comment last week after it recommended food processing companies be allowed to irradiate poultry, ground beef, shrimp, prawns and mangoes. Canada already allows irradiation of wheat, flour, whole wheat flour, potatoes, onions, grains and dehydrated seasoning preparations. The goal is admirable: curbing food-borne illnesses by killing such micro-organisms as *E. coli* and salmonella, eliminating insects and delaying spoilage.

But one topic of contention is a class of compounds found only in irradiated animal fat. As Lauer explains, German scientists concluded that one of the compounds in these so-called 2-alkylcyclobutanones (2-ACBs) is "genotoxic," meaning it breaks DNA strands—raising the spectre of a cancer risk. But, he adds, Health Canada evaluated the German work "and concluded the studies do not demonstrate a positive genotoxic activity." In July, the European Commission's scientific committee on food and the research was failing to determine at what level 2-ACBs are safe. Still, the committee noted that the World Health Organization and the UN's Food and Agriculture



Health Canada wants to see the process used on ground beef, poultry and other food.

Organization and International Atomic Energy Agency have published "wholesomeness assessments" based on a large number of studies of irradiated foods.

For Douglas Powell, scientific director of the Food Safety Network at Ontario's University of Guelph, the health benefit is that the process offers no scale. Food irradiation "has been endorsed by pretty well every major scientific body that's looked at it around the world," he says. Furthermore, there are between two million and seven million cases of food-borne illness in Canada each year. "There are theoretical risks with anything," Powell adds. "When a child

dies, or has long-term kidney damage from eating bad food, that's very real."

Often despite the evidence: A joint report published in October by the Washington-based consumer advocacy group Public Citizen and the Global Resource Action Center for the Environment in New York, claims the WHO ignored research that questions irradiated food's safety. The WHO, the report says, "has taken a leap of faith that could threaten the health of millions of people living in more than 30 countries."

Then there's the argument that irradiation is simply the wrong way to go. Instead, we should have more food inspection and enforce fines for food-handling infractions, says Angela Richmond, deputy director of the Sierra Club of Canada. "The compromise I would make in order to address lung cancer, downy mildew, crop loss, etc., is to do we restrict smoking?" adds Richmond.

Consumers at least have a choice. In Canada, food treated with radiation may be labelled "treated with radiation," "treated by irradiation," or the equivalent, and bears a symbol called the radura. It's simple: If you don't want irradiated food, don't buy it. ☐

How to tell if it's been nuked

In Canada, food that has been treated with high-energy particles must be labelled as such and bear the international symbol known as the radura (right).



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stealing a car. But it was crimes far worse than those that led John Lucas and Louis to Cyril Everett and to their ultimate fate.

Early in the morning of Nov. 17, 1963, a Toronto police officer received a call from a terrified woman screaming, "Not my throat!" The line was traced to a rooming house, home to Therland Crazer and his common-law wife, 21-year-old prostitute Carolyn Newman. Meanwhile, another man sat in the house, a postal worker, returning home from his night shift opened the door and saw Crazer's bloody body on the hall way floor. Clad only in boxer shorts, Crazer, 44, had been shot four times and his throat had been cut wide open, severing the jugular veins and carotid artery. Upstairs, Newman lay naked on the bed. She was also dead, her throat slashed from ear to ear.

Police quickly learned that Crazer was a drug pusher, pimp and key witness in the coming trial of a suspected drug trafficker in Detroit. Someone killed Crazer before he could testify, and it was Newman's misfortune to be with him at the time. Soon, a name emerged as the hired killer, Arthur Lucas, a 53-year-old American from Detroit who drove to Toronto to perform the hit.

Less than three months after the gruesome murders of Crazer and Newman, another crime shocked Torontonians. In the early hours of Feb. 12, 1963, Ronald Turpin, 28, broke into a museum and stole \$632,84. Driving away from the crime, he crossed the path of police officer Frederick Nash who noticed a distinctive headlight on Turpin's truck and pulled them over. Turpin appeared nervous and, according to his own testimony, gave Nash a fake name before the officer ordered him out of the vehicle. The two men struggled and gunshots were fired. Nash crumpled to the pavement, and Turpin, shot in both arms and the neck, struggled to start his truck. Failing that, he tried to Nash's police car and was driving away to get going when officers in another police car arrived and took him into custody.

Both Nash and Turpin were rushed to Toronto St. George's hospital. Turpin experienced minor injuries compared to those of Const. Nash, a father of four, who received a fatal wound in the chest. He didn't live to see his 32nd birthday, just one week away. Nash's dying words to a fellow officer were: "I got him. He shot him."

While Turpin later testified he shot Nash in self defence, Lucas presented his ac-

While Everett grew up in the Salvation Army, Lucas started his criminal career ranging from robbery to narcotics and Turpin was forging cheques



Everett kept secret for 24 years what really happened when the trap door was sprung

count from the day of his arrest claiming that, despite compelling circumstantial evidence to the contrary, he was always at the time. The jury thought otherwise, convicted him, and a judge imposed the mandatory hanging punishment. "I only met Lucas after he'd been sentenced to death," recalls Toronto lawyer Julian Porter. Now 65, Porter was a law student when he visited Walter Williamson in Lucas's pre-honour appeals all the way to the Supreme Court of Canada.

As a last resort, Lucas asked the federal cabinet to commute his sentence to life in prison. Porter remembers going to Ottawa to lobby Don Mill Finning, the minister of justice. "I said, 'You've got to commute this.' I went through what ever arguments I had, and he said, 'Here you got other arguments than were advanced to the Supreme Court?'" I said, "No," and he said, "Julian, I can't help you."

At the same time, Belg. Everett, who died in 1986 at age 78, was also doing everything possible to save Lucas and Turpin. On

Dec. 2, 1962, he was at home watching the Grey Cup on TV when the phone rang. His 38-year-old son Brian picked it up, and recognized the voice immediately. "Diefenbaker here."

Everett stood in the phone, and then remembered his father saying, "Yes, sir" and "No, Sir" to the prime minister of Canada, a vociferous opponent of capital punishment for most of his life. According to Brian Everett, now a 62-year-old director of sales for a Mississauga, Ont., trucking company, "Diefenbaker said, 'Cyril, Turpin's a top killer. His dad's done. But if you can find something about Lucas, I'll be glad to look at it. If you can find one shred of evidence, why it shouldn't happen, I'll go to bat for you.'"

Adds Brian Everett, "There was nothing more my father could do. Arthur Lucas always resented his innocence, right up until he looked at the end of the rope. But Lucas was also resigned to the fact that he was going to go because they got him for this one, which he didn't do according to him, but there was other stuff that he did do."

Despite the -8°C temperature, almost 200 demonstrators gathered outside the Don Jail on occasion right, 40 years ago. Some carried signs protesting the hangings, calling it public murder. Inside the jail, it was chilly for Turpin and Lucas heard the uproar less than 200 m from their cells. Everett arrived at the Don Jail early that day, around 8 a.m. He had visited Turpin and Lucas and asked them now if they had any special requests. Both men said they simply needed to talk, as they had always done. Turpin loved home, riding out, in between conversations about being in Woodbine race track and making upsets, other inmates trapped by and offered to pray with them. After several conversations, according to Brian Everett, his father said these other ministers where they'd been the past 10 months. No more came by after that.

Around 9 p.m., Everett passed Turpin and Lucas for his last meal, steak and pie with potatoes and vegetables, eaten off cardboard plates. The meat had to be tender enough to eat with spoons, wine knives and forks were considered weapons. At 11:40 p.m., Lucas put his hands on the cell bars and said to Everett, "You know, big brother, we is lucky." Asking him what he meant by "lucky," Lucas said, "Well, if I were on the street, I could be killed by a car and I wouldn't be ready to meet my maker. But this

way, because of your talking to us and leading us up through the steps to salvation, I'm ready to meet my maker."

Just before midnight, the sheriff, prison governor and four guards walked down death row to the cells of the condemned men. Before they arrived, Everett told Turpin and Lucas they would know the end was near when he spoke the word "salvation" while reading from the Gospel of Luke. This was the cue to the hangman to pull the lever.

Taken out together, hands cuffed behind their backs, Lucas and Turpin began the 40-pace trek to the gallows. Everett started reading the 23rd Psalm. En route, Turpin burst out and had to be dragged the rest of the way. The two men stood back to back on the gallows trap door, legs bound, black hoods over their heads. Lucas whimpered slightly as the hangman placed the noose around his neck. Everett stood beside them.

In an interview published shortly before his death, Everett revealed what really happened that night, disclosing a secret he had kept from his wife and son for 24 years—it was worse than anyone could have imagined. Before Everett finished saying "salvation," the hangman sprang the trap door. "Turpin died clean," recalled Everett, "but Lucas's head was nearly torn right off. It was hanging just by the sinews of the neck. There was blood all over the floor. The hangman had miscalculated his weight. That's a way to die."

As the bodies hung about one metre off the ground, jail surgeon W.H. Hiltz climbed a scaffolding and placed his stethoscope on the men's chests, waiting for their hearts to finally stop beating. Sixteen minutes later, Dr. Hiltz finally overrode the deaths of Arthur Lucas and Ronald Turpin. Nine people, none of them family or friends, had witnessed the executions.

After the hangings, the lifeless bodies were cut down. Still clothed in their grey prison shirts and blue trousers, Lucas and Turpin were wrapped in white sheets, and placed, unembalmed, in the pine caskets. Guards loaded the bodies into the unmarked van, deliberately covered with mud to disguise it, and drove to the cemetery. Everett, silent and shoked, did not return home until four in the morning. Before he went to sleep he told his son, who had spent the night holding media calls, that the experience was "awful." "I thought the men's 'wife' because they both died," recalls Brian. "My



Lucas (above) and Turpin (below) knew that when Everett uttered the word "salvation" in his gallows prayer for the killers, it would be the cue for the hangman to pull the lever.

dad didn't want to talk about it. All he said was, 'There was blood everywhere,' so I knew something had happened."

The executions had a profound effect on Everett, who regularly visited the graves of Turpin and Lucas on the anniversary of their deaths. They were buried in Section 13 of the cemetery, an area still considered common ground. No tombstones or plaques are permitted, just plain, numbered grey blocks, half the size of a baseball field. Lucas is in grave 415, Turpin in grave 416.

In an ironic twist, William spoke to his eldest Lucas as well as to Turpin just hours before their executions. Because of legalistic changes the year before, the lawyer told

the doomed pair: "It's a very consolation, you may be the last men to hang in Canada."

Replied Turpin: "Some consolation." Today, all traces of Turpin and Lucas's graves have disappeared. The mangled case numbers are gone—either stolen, discarded, or simply absorbed into the soft earth. Lucas and Turpin are still somewhere next to the stone wall where Everett presided over their final four decades ago, in the shadow of a service building used by cemetery workers. Weeds and rusty pop cans litter the area and some of the younger cemetery workers are unaware of the presence of bodies beneath the dirt, especially those of the last two men hanged in Canada. □

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THE WILD WINDS OF CAPE BRETON

Les suites have shaped the landscape, the people, their myths and culture

AFTER 70 YEARS living on the crest of a hill in tiny Grand Etang, the Joe Chaisson leaves to bathe everything down when the southeast winds roar out of the Cape Breton highlands. Sometimes nothing helps. Last autumn, as the hurricane-force winds whirled around the island's French-speaking north-west coast, are known—have scratched his windward and wrecked the inside of his fourth-generation farmhouse. In 1958, after a pair of early bad blows, his 1,257-litre gasoline tank just disappeared, presumably blown into the Atlantic 100 m away. Twelve years later, with the winds topping an estimated 300 km/h, Chaisson had to crawl along the ground as he tried to reach his barn. When a gale hit, the sturdy 185-pounder grabbed for a grapefruit. It turned out to be a prudent move—the fruit was the only thing between him and the open ocean when the next big

gale blew him right off his feet. "It was strange, like a nightmare," Chaisson recalls. "You had to use it to believe it."

The rains, which tend to blow during the fall through to early spring, are terrible. Their power, though, is awesome. On the 100-km stretch of Cape Breton between Margate Harbour and the St. Lawrence, rather than homes, small fishing boats, 18 buildings off their moorings, mobile gasoline storage towers, flammable trees and push transport trucks into ditches. The strongest recorded, which struck on March 12, 1993, was officially clocked at 233 km/h—powerful enough to tear part of the roof off Sacred Heart Hospital in Cheticamp, the biggest town in the area. In these parts, the winds

The hurricane-force gales cannot be seen, but the effects of their awesome power can

shape the land, people, myth and culture. They even have the power to charge lives—or at least so says Yvette Bourgoin, 45, a stay-at-home mom in Cheticamp who was visiting a friend one night in 1988 when a gale hit. "I thought I was going to die," she recalls. "I am not a spiritual person but I vowed that if I saw the light of another day I would not smoke another cigarette—and I kept this promise."

A gale begins with winds blowing in off the Atlantic. When conditions are right, the swirling air molecules slide up the eastern slope of the highlands, then begin the steep downward descent on the western side, gathering speed as they go. The northern up of Nova Scotia is far from the only place where winds are this way. Fraser's Ridge Valley has a similar violent downslapping wind known as a razmat or "razmaty", Morocco



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experiences major windstorms—or “that which plucks the fowls”—capable of reducing wrenching distraction. For the names of their special gales, Cape Bretoners settled for a local deviation of the French *our-lour*.

Further back more tales about capturing their terrible magistral. In 1812, 12 fishermen from the area were surprised by a *saute* and followed up by the storm. In 1947, a *saute* loaded down 280 electrical poles between Belle Côte and Chéticamp, wrecked later another blow loaded down 200 more in the same area. Twenty-five years ago, a *saute* lifted the corrugated steel roof off a partially built school in Chéticamp and blew it like a fan, 274 m out onto the frozen harbour. By all accounts, the *saute* of the century was the 1993 blow that left the Chéticamp hospital nearly useless. That time, Clarence and Sylvia Desrosiers returned from a party to a bungalow nearby in the heart of Belle-Marche at around 1 a.m. They were home only minutes when the wind sucked the window out of one of their sons' rooms and began swirling through the house. The family of four made it to the basement before the window in their newly removed kitchen blew out. They huddled in fear for the next four hours. “It was like a horror movie,” recalls Sylvia, who works in a nursing home. “All we could hear were dishes and pots crashing, the cupboards opening and closing.”

No wonder Cape Bretoners treat winter as much more than just a 90-day weather. The winds are immortalized in poems, paintings, songs and a documentary film. They have passed into the local culture to the point where an adult dance group is known as *la danse du Saute*, while the youth group goes by *La Petite Saute* (a little breeze). The local utility potholes their eastern side blasted white by the powerful air currents—are positioned far closer than usual to withstand the winds. Many older houses have long, sloping roofs close to the ground for protection. Newer structures feature other precautions: special asphalt shingles that are nailed and glued to the roof, walls made out of plywood, rather than cheaper, less-durable chipboard. “Building houses here isn’t like building them anywhere else,” says Jean-Paul Gaudet, co-owner of Gaudet Building Contractors Ltd. of Chéticamp. “If you don’t make it seriously, you’re gone.”

Locals say knowing a *saute* can settle at any moment toughest them—and gives



Not just cars but vehicles as large as transport trucks routinely get blown into ditches, while the recent 1993 blow tore the roof off the Chéticamp hospital.



them a proper appreciation of the harsh abundances of life. Living in this corner of Cape Breton, after all, means forever keeping the radio tuned to the weather—Bavi restaurant Canada issues a “*saute* warning” when out to threatening—and one eye on the barometer. There are early warnings: a steep rise in air pressure followed by a dramatic drop, a sudden calm in the weather—the proverbial calm before the storm. Often the highlands and nearby Chéticamp Island suddenly loom near and clear as if under a magnifying glass. People have learned to prepare for winds capable, as they came did, of driving gravel into the interior walls of the local butcher shop. The residents shelter their cars, secure everything in their yards, fill their tubs with water in case the power goes out, bail the doors,

and pull the shutters closed on the windows.

Everybody who lives in the area seems to have a story about a close encounter of the windy kind. Some of the yarns have the ring of folk tales. One old-timer in St. Joseph du Mont tells how, as a five-year-old, he watched his father head down the road to help two squawker crows. Someone after the *saute* hit, he looked out the window and saw his dad holding onto a fence post, one steer holding his head and his wife holding hers—all three of them held fast by the winds, none of their feet touching the ground.

The old-timer says they don’t make winds like that any more. The winters have gotten milder, they contend, and so have less water like try to tell that to someone who feels their wrath for the first time. “Everything cracks, the walls rattle, it feels like the roof is going to come off,” is how Michel Williams-Bellet, an artist who moved to the area in 1962, remembers his first big blow. “I’ve come to accept them,” says the painter, who depicts crows flying through *saute* winds in some of his work. “But I don’t know if I will ever get used to them.” Nobody—not even those who spend a lifetime waiting for *saute* to blow—ever really does. ■

France's Rhône Valley has a mistral or 'masterly'; Morocco experiences mezzan-iffoufou, or 'that which plucks the fowls'

SPLENDOUR UNDER THE COVERS

There are gorgeous books for all tastes among the season's gift options

Love of one's country, nature, art, sport, or creature, space, food—these are the things that nature us. In the cold, dark months, to indulge in them when we can, and think about them when we can't. Lush picture books can provide much virtual sustenance in winter. Some of the season's best gift prospects, selected by *Maclean's* writers and editors.

CANADA'S SUBLIME scenery is celebrated in *Barbara Bender's Canada: Landscapes of Dreams* (Douglas & McIntyre, \$29.95). The book showcases the passion and photographic skill of Canada's first woman astronaut in space, who travelled from sea to sea in search for her ode to the Canadian wild. Bender's pictures are accompanied by brief texts from such well-known Canadians as Oscar Peterson and Sidney Lumet.

Outdoor enthusiasts will savor *In the Footsteps of Gey Owl: Journey into the Ancient Forest* (McClelland & Stewart, \$39.99). The text and more than 100 pictures by Gary and Joanne McGuffin chronicle the couple's three-month, 1,500-km canoe journey through remote Ontario waterways once travelled by Englishman Archie Bickman, better known for going to native restaurants Gey Owl. A riveting envelope matched by gorgeous photos of plants, animals, misty forests and serene lakes and rivers.

Toronto's architecture is often dismissed as bland. That may be so, but *Toronto Photographs by Tim Peters* (Dorland, \$59.95) makes a strong case for the city's visual vibrancy. Peters is that rare gift—someone familiar and showing it in a new light. His large-format book portrays the country's biggest metropolis as a highly varied place of both glass-and-steel canyons and quaint gingerbread houses. Its arresting images could even convert Toronto haters.

The delicate and precise art of impressionism is on display in *Derek Hayes's full-color Hilsenroth Atlas of Canada* (Douglas & McIntyre, \$75). As you turn the pages and move through history, the country takes graphic shape—mostly in its geography, but also poetically, as boundaries are established

and borders created. So New Brunswick and Nova Scotia emerge in their real shapes. It's called "New Scot Lands," in a 1624 map by William Alexander. The book presents his story through the eyes of explorers—an exciting way to see the country.

Especially in a year bereft of weighty—in the good sense of the word—political books, John Duffy's *Fights of Our Lives* (HarperCollins, \$55) is a politics junkie's dream gift. With its glossy thick paper and numerous pictures, it has the look and feel of coffee-table fare. But that's not fooled. Duffy, a political strategist currently engaged in making Paul Martin the next prime minister, understands what it takes to win elections in a bipolar country such as Canada. And he has the talent to make the point seen in minutes. The content of the book is that five election campaigns in a single season on the coun-

try, and that each time Canadians chose wisely. One could quibble with his conclusion, but Duffy succeeds wonderfully in making the mechanics of politics both fascinating and instructive.

During one of his diatribes against the Kyoto Protocol, Alberta Environment Minister Lorne Taylor referred to those in favour of the greenhouse gas-limiting accord as "those Suzuki types." So Taylor probably wouldn't enjoy the latest book from David Suzuki and co-author Amanda McConnell, *The Sacred Balance: A Visual Celebration of Our Place in Nature* (Douglas & McIntyre, \$55). It has nothing to say about Kyoto per se, but springs from the same world view underlying Suzuki's support for the accord—everything on earth is connected to everything else. The book explores that interconnectedness in its text, quotations from literature, poetry and myth, and in 125 eye-catching colour photographs. Suzuki's definition of seven elements essential to human life—earth, air, fire, water, biodiversity, love and spirit—might strike some as a tad New Ageish. But as he explores each element chapter by chapter, the scientist in him is never far beneath the surface.

British historian Thomas Pakenham is continued by trees. *Remainable Trees of the World* (McClelland & Co., \$50) is the result of Pakenham's journey to photograph "the world's most dramatic trees." Each of the 60 he's chosen has a rich tale. Among them is a second-growth tree in Ontario that dates from the 12th century BCE and started as a cutting from the tree under which Buddha is said to have sat and found enlightenment. The lone Canadian entry is of a majestic 80-ft spruce on Vancouver Island saved from logging. The book is a true beauty's dream.

K.J. Hughes (Douglas & McIntyre, \$75) showcases the work of the popular 3-D artist, who works mainly in stylized realism. The book's companion to a Hughes retrospective at the Vancouver Art Gallery opening on Jan. 30, with text by V&A senior curator, Ian Thom, spans the 1930s to the present—Hughes, now 89, still paints



asterisks. His lead and sometimes colorful but without colour with a keen eye for detail—and a palpable love of the West.

From abstraction to realism, intimate scale to complex environments, the work in *Vincent P. New Perspectives in Painting* (Phaidon, \$85) shows this is the moment, anything goes. The vibrant reproductions of work by 114 artists reveal the influence of photography, digital media, advertising, film and cartoons, as well as the venerable history of the medium itself. Even if you skip the tiny and sometimes incomprehensible, *Vincent P.* is satisfying crash course in contemporary painting.



For a hockey fan it was next idea, and for the rabidly loyal *Last Man* possibly the greatest one since *Lefty* in '88. On Dec. 8, 2001, 12 hockey photojournalists were named loose in Toronto's Air Canada Centre to capture every moment of an NHL game day. *A Day in the Life of the Maple Leafs* (HarperCollins, \$65) has set by hockey writer Andrew Podnieks and 272 arresting photos of the morning skate, post-game interviews and everything in between, including the Zamboni driver. Best of all for the true *Last* fan, the heroism was the game, 4-3 over the New York Rangers.

For gardeners and worms, the easy



choice this season is *The Botanical Garden, Volume 1: Trees and Shrubs and Vascular Plants* (Penguin, \$49.95), by Gail Kinn and Jim Plante, is as beautiful, and as useful, as any subject. From the black glass cover to the pasted display copy, it's about as useful as *Clark's* wardrobe. But the time is bunting at the seams with juicy trivia and emblematic quotes from

acceptance speeches. It also serves as a handy, if hefty, reference containing everything you ever wanted to know about the Oscars.

Former Rolling Stones bassist Bill Wyman seems determined to deny the edge that if you recall the Stones, you weren't really there. "Mike, Keith and Charlie are faster or telling people to check things with me," Wyman writes in *Hollering With The Stones* (Doubleday, \$38), "as I'm the only one who really remembers what happened." Even better, Wyman also put some 3,000 photos in his history of the band. With professional-grade photos, and Wyman's home snaps, the intimate details, the book is a storehouse of Stones' material.

A Day in the Life of Africa (Publishers Group Canada, \$69.95) is a stunning 288-page showcase for the work of 100 international photojournalists who all took snapshots on Feb. 28, 2003. It's the first day-in-the-life book to focus on an entire continent—one of 53 nations and 720 million people from more than 800 ethnic groups—not just one nation. Profits go to AIDS education. In *Sabana* (McArthur & Co., \$40), Michael Paken recounts his 16,900-km trek through territories bordering the great desert and other roaming. It was a dangerous journey, thanks in much to politics as to terrain. But in his four previous travelogues, Paken, the ex-Monty Python star turned writer-advocate, proves excellent company. He was accompanied by photographer Iain Pao, whose work illustrates the book. But with *Inside Sabana* (McArthur & Co., \$50), nearly 300 of the colour photos Pao took on the trip got deservedly more expansive play.

From 35,000 km away, the earth is an exquisite thing. And on the evidence of *Planet Earth* (Knopf, \$46), same. This stunning, large-format book is a collection of 150 satellite photos of the planet. The richly coloured pictures are striking and unusual—some are like abstract art. Eye candy for earthlings. In *Heaven & Earth: Unseen by the Naked Eye* (Harvard, \$75), microscopes and telescopes are brought together to shed new light on our world and beyond. The thick volume bulges with photos of telescopes taken from space and a revealing glimpse of Jupiter's moon Callisto, first discovered by Galileo in 1610. At the other end of the spectrum are closeups of DNA molecules, then and seeds, all paired with brief, informative texts. A book that is as educational as it's beautiful.



Those who keep traffic and Esquire's pepper in their larder are in for a journey of inspiration with Eric Roper and Michael Ruhlman's *A Return to Cooking* (Thomas Allen, \$79.95). Roper, 35, chef of New York's acclaimed Le Bernardin, takes us to home kitchens of the Nagu Valley, Puerto Rico, Vermont and Sag Harbor, with an artistic photograph on view. This lush cookbook presents a veritable feast while allowing Roper to share his vast knowledge.

Australian native David Thompson first visited Thailand two decades ago, and it was the beginning of a love affair with a smoldering cuisine. *Thai Food* (Ten Speed, \$80) serves that in an encyclopedic selection of Thai recipes, Thompson, a sort of homeboy Thai who divides his time between London and Bangkok, devotes 89 pages to the country's culture and food history.

In his third cookbook, Vancouver restaur-



ateur John Bishop goes with a seasonal theme. The recipes in *Simply Bishop's Easy Seasonal Recipes* (Doubleday, \$45), co-written with the chef at Bishop's Restaurant, Detour Green, are easy to make and elegant, emphasizing fresh local ingredients. But you don't have to live in B.C. to prepare—and enjoy—many of the dishes.

Mario Batali, the most engaging chef on Food Network Canada, is a big guy with a big personality and a New York restaurant, Babbo, that's a huge success. Now, he often up some signature dishes in *The Babbo Cookbook* (Random House, \$40). Batali's recipes, like grilled quail with braised dandelions and blood oranges, are as bold and unpretentious as the man himself.

Martin Yan's *Chinatown Cooking* (HarperCollins, \$49.95), the companion to a series on Food Network Canada, is both an excellent survey of Chinese food and a fascinating look at 13 Chin towns around the world, including those of Vancouver and Toronto. Yan, a native of Guangzhou, China (now labeled as San Francisco, worked at one of his first North American Chinese restaurants in the town of Brooks, Alta. The book combines recipes with the stories of the Chinatown where he found inspiration. ☐



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Books

A DOZEN DELIGHTS

Again this year, there's a bounty of great kids' titles by Canadians

Canada is blessed with many superb writers and illustrators of books for younger children. Maclean's writers and editors take a crack at choosing 12 of the best, even as they swing their heads over having to choose just a tiny number of the many wonderful books (prices are for hard cover, some books also come in paperback).

The Naked Lady (Pithecory & Whitehead, \$35.95) is Toronto writer-artist Ian Wallace's autobiographical tribute to Peter Dink, his first art teacher. It's about a farm boy who comes under the spell of the sculptor who moves in next door, installing his works about his property. The story, and Wallace's illustrations, offer an accessible lesson on the power of art.

Marie-Laure Gay's redheaded Stella is one of the most endearing characters to emerge from last year's *In Stella, Emily of the Forest* (Greenwood, \$15.95), the brother Sam and their dog experience an exhilarating adventure in the woods.

In *Full Moon Rising* (Farrar, \$19.99), Joanne Taylor goes through a rural family's year, writing of the moon associated with each month, and the cycle of life on a farm. Along with Susan Toole's richly detailed illustrations, it's a vivid, subtly educational book.

A Fellowship fantasy for the young, *Circus May* (Orca, \$18.95) by Anne Le Carré Carter, with magical illustrations by Joanne Trigenfeld, is as whimsical as a trip to the big top. When a boy invites some kids over to watch TV, they're all attracted by the man promising an a rapture in the living room. An army of circus animals soon appears.

Boys and girls who love hockey will be captivated by *The Hockey Card* (Lobster, \$24.95), with a story by Jack Steinberg and art illustrations by Denis Barrette. It's the tale of a boy's uncle Jack, and how, when he was a kid, Jack almost lost his entire collection of cards—and his



birth in Maurice "Rocky" Richard prevailed.

Tina and the Penguins (KidsCan, \$16.95), by Vancouver's Heather Dyer, is the story of a little girl who takes a zoo animal home with her. With simple, vivid language, Dyer draws readers into Tina's dilemma as she discovers penguins just aren't suited to human dwellings. As ever, Mireille Levert's illustrations are bold and charming.

The Jade Necklace (Tradewind, \$22.95) is a story of loss and heartbreak, yet it's hard to imagine a child who wouldn't be captivated by it. Toronto's Paul Lee writes of a young Chinese girl who loses her father's emerald in a typhoon, but finds peace in a new home, Vancouver. Illustrator Grace Leif's folk-art-like graphics are unique—and beautiful.

An ancient Korean folk tale is the basis for **The Tiger and the Drunken Peasants** (Greenwood, \$15.95). Toronto's Janice Jachyn Park's retelling of a fable she learned from her grandmother. The story is reasonable, but what makes this book exceptional is Park's superb artwork, executed in a traditional technique she devised herself.

To go sailing far away to the pleasant Land of Play, Jo sends a segment of Robert Louis Stevenson's *The Little Land*, part of his collection *A Child's Garden of Verses* (1885). It

was a stroke of genius to combine the poem with illustrations by Kim Fernandez in *The Little Land* (KidsCan, \$14.95). Fernandez's vibrant, 3-D artwork is a perfect match for Stevenson's rhyming couplets.

Maynight Toronto Highway draws on his Aboriginal roots for **Dragonfly Kites** (HogarthCollins, \$18.99). Again working with illustrator Brian Deines, he tells the story of Cree brothers Joe and Gaby in northern Manitoba. With text in English and Cree, Highway opens a rich year about the outdoors, native traditions and dreams.

Whether your children are just learning the alphabet or already reading, Toronto writer-illustrator Wallace Schwartz's **Alphabooies** (KidsCan, \$19.95) will educate and entertain them. Tightly written and beautifully drawn (it was a Governor General's Award for illustration), it runs through 26 creatures dwelling in an old mansion.

Montrealer Rudy Schwartz is best known for the beloved *Mole Series* series, which he wrote and illustrated (the series now have a TV series). In *Yo Baby* (Annick, \$18.95), now characters including Buzzrilly, Hand-son Flound and Big Hairy Ape embark on a voyage of discovery in which the journey matters far more than the destination. ■



WILD HOLLYWOOD ORCHID

Adaptation, a mind-blower with heart, is the most dazzling U.S. movie in years

THE MORNING coffeehouse beginning to wear off. And so far I'm nowhere. I can already feel the panic in the pit of my stomach, the fear that I've got to get some words down on the page before the keyboard becomes slippery with the cold sweat of writer's block. My editor suggested taking a playful approach. Blah! I say for her to say *Blah*!s. *Government* *blithely* has already done it. Who needs another self-indulgent article about struggling to write an article on a movie about a blocked screenwriter struggling to adapt a book about an orchid posch? Sorry, that sentence was just an attempt to shake off the lazy readers, a bit of natural selection. If you're still with me, I'll try to explain how difficult it is to talk about *Adaptation* without sounding like a fanatic.

I can tell you that it's about flowers, anagrams, Dharma, drugs, anagrams, Scenarist Indians, showbiz and the creative process. And that it stars Nicolas Cage, who's nothing short of brilliant. Nicolas Cage? Yes, I was really sick of him, too. Ever since he was an Oscar for *Living on a Margin*, and cashed in as an action hero with *Con Air*, *The Rock* and *Rain Forest*, his career has come divided with one bomb after another—*ARMY*, *Bringing out the Dead*, *Gone to the Sun*, *Crucial*, *Caprice*, *Corabi's* *Mandarin*, *Windtalkers*.

But I swear, with *Adaptation*, Cage has redeemed himself. He plays twin screenwriters. And there's nothing like playing twins to resurrect a career (just ask Jimmy Kimmel, who portrayed twin gay doctors in *David Cronenberg's* *Dead Ringers*). In an interview, Cage wasn't at all what I expected, and not just because he looked more pale and delicate than on screen. He was so earnest that I was almost willing to believe his bad movies weren't the result of poor judgment or greed, just honest mistakes by an actor who likes to break rules and take risks.

More on that later. First, at the risk of sounding like a blathermeister, I have to say it: *Adaptation* is the best Hollywood movie I've seen in years. It comes from the makers of *Being John Malkovich* (1999), writer-

Charlie Kaufman and director Spike Jonze. And like *Malkovich*, it offers a mind-blowing-funhouse ride through Kaufman's surreal cortex. But *Adaptation* is a less cerebral, and much better, movie. Although it's dabbled by clever, it doesn't require a sin of faith. Unlike other post-modern head trips, such as *Memento*, it's not a brain-teaser. There's nothing to fear. And at a time when self-referential films have become garden variety sub-genre, *Adaptation* is a rare orchid—a super smart movie with thrills, humor and a lot of heart. A smart movie.

But I don't want to tell you about it. I saw this film out of the blue, and was surprised and amazed from beginning to end. If you want the same experience, stop reading this right now and stay ahead of the interview with Cage and the filmmakers, who are so cautious about spoiling the movie they can barely bring themselves to talk about it.

The central character is the film's real-life screenwriter, Charlie Kaufman (Cage), and the story takes place during the shooting of *Malkovich*. Charlie lurks around the set, full of self-loathing and despair. He's been commissioned to adapt *The Orchid Thief*, a non-fiction book by Susan Orlean (Meryl Streep), a real-life journalist at *The New Yorker*. Although he's in love with the book, he can't understand how to turn "this sprawling *New Yorker* story" into a movie. He's also in love with Caroline (Gwyneth Paltrow), but too paralyzed by fear to tell her.

Meanwhile, C's dad's famous neurobrother, Donald (who receives a screenwriting credit for *Adaptation*), comes to stay at his apartment and blithely takes a crack at writing his own screenplay. While Charlie's a



stressed genius, Donald is an optimistic idiot. He's conjuring a formula thriller about a serial killer with multiple personality disorder (Killer, Martin and cap are all the same person, right?). So Charlie's nervous, Donald becomes a disciple of real-life Hollywood screenwriting guru Robert McKee (a gorgeous Brian Cox). As far as Charlie's concerned, McKee's contrived events don't apply to *The Orchid Thief*, because it's about flowers and "nothing much happens."

Throughout *Adaptation*, another movie is unfolding. In flashback, we see Orlean covering the story of obsessive orchid breeder John Laroche, who poaches rare species from the Everglades with help from Stern mole Indiana Chen Cooper (the ex-marie in *American Beauty*) plays this wily eccentric with chilling finesse. And as the night seduced by his story, Streep gives one of the most beguiling performances of her career. Inevitably, as fiction and non-fiction materialize in the personal case of the Everglades, things do happen. With subversive wit, *Adaptation* works as all the devices Cage has never he'd never reason to, from dragons to violence to romance. And a movie about nothing becomes a movie about everything.



Cage, as Donald and Charlie, and with Streep, says that after seeing *Lemony Snicket's* *A Series of Unfortunate Events*, it was one of his dreams to play "twice."

SITTING ON A couch in a Toronto hotel room, Jonze, 32, and Kaufman, 44, look like a couple of rampled college students who have just rolled out of bed in time to catch a class. Kaufman appears far more savvy and composed than the twenty-eight-year-old character in the movie. In fact, it's Jonze who looks like the chattering idiot, who pokes at a room service breakfast of scrambled eggs. While we wait for Cage, they talk about their reluctance to talk about the movie.

Then Cage shows up, as if from another world, in a dark suit, crisp white shirt and heavy gold cufflinks. Playing grade A, he begins by asking about Cronenberg's *Dead Ringers*. "I was in love with that movie," he says. "I've always been a fan of David's work, and from we're stupid. Because of that prior romance it was one of my dreams to play twins." But it wasn't easy. "When I'm on set," he explains, "I say in character: Charlie was more easily lost. I got out of the Charlie side of the bed. I'd sit with him, then switch to Donald, then back and forth three or four times a day. That got exhausting."

To research the Charlie role, Cage sub-

jected Kaufman to an exhaustive series of taped interviews. "We used stuff from the real Charlie," says Jonze, "even though we weren't doing an interpretation of Charlie." It was "a surrealistic interpretation," as plans Cage, "but there was some essence of Charlie."

What about the twist? Not Donald's parody of the dead of fake Hollywood formula that has overtaken Cage's own career? Mike Pappas, the director of *Learning to Cope*, says told me that Cage "has become a banker." After I put the question as delicately as possible, the actor replies, "I guess you could say that: in my own career I've both Donald and Charlie. I've played movies where dollars had nothing to do with it. But I was once told that I could never be mainstream because I'm weird or off. So I wanted to see if I could do it and inject some character into the action genre."

But I've always felt that as an actor, I really get to something new you have to be something of a criminal, in that you have to be willing to break rules. Soberly said, "You can never imitate anybody" in

Wild at Heart. I was going through my Andy Warhol phase and thought it would be interesting to imitate somebody. So I chose films. If I knew I was going to marry his daughter, I would have just played it as Andy Warhol." (Last week, after just three months of marriage to Lisa Marie Presley, Cage filed for divorce.)

With *Adaptation*, "my own personal rule that I broke was going on autopilot—here's the day, you sculpt. Also, there was nothing glamorous about the character. If there's a rule in Hollywood, it's that if you're a leading man, try to dress and grope like a leading man. That's all over the window."

This self-proclaimed leading man talks with the earnest intensity of someone who believes deeply in himself. "Cronenberg once said that acting's lying and great acting is convincing lying," he says. "I think that's only half true. I think sincerity trumps conviction. That's why a lot of intense people make really good actors, because they really believe they are these characters."

Then again, perhaps acting is just adaptation taken to fantastic extremes. **B**

[illegible]

HYPERMUTATION

Books | Call of the cold

The book *Antarctica*, by husband and wife photographers Pat and Rosemarie Kneough, should come with instructions: when picking up, bend with your knees. It weighs 8.6 kg, is almost half a metre in width and contains 136 pages, 130 of which are colour photos—and it's exquisite. The Kneoughs used leather from India (sourced in Scotland), brocade velvet from France, Dutch linen, U.S. paper and Irish thread. Bound in Georgetown, Ont., using 15th- and 16th-century methods, and printed in Burnaby, B.C., it is the first photographic art book to be printed with a new technology that has three times the resolution of traditional high-end lithography.

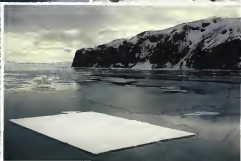
The cost? \$4,500. But that hasn't discouraged buyers—including travel clothing manufacturer Alex Tilley and Robert Bate-man—who are looking for something exclusive. Only 1,000 copies will be made and the Kneoughs are giving the net proceeds from the sales, estimated at \$785,000, to BirdLife International's Save the Albatross campaign. The Prince of Wales was given a copy of *Antarctica* when he hosted the book's official unveiling at St. James's Palace, as part of a Save the Albatross reception.

To photograph the frozen continent, the Kneoughs, who live on Salt Spring Island, B.C., spent two austral summers—between November and March—in Antarctica, where they experienced up to 24 hours of daylight. Using almost 800 rolls of film, they shot everything from typical icebergs and icebergs to deserted whaling stations to a close-up of an emperor penguin's upper breast feather. To take this last picture, Rosemarie went out alone in a blizzard, making lumbago poles tipped with red flags on the ice as she walked, so she could find her way back. When it came time to head home, however, the poles could not be seen. "Everything was white," she says, "there was no distance between the ground and the sky." So, Rosemarie parked herself on the periphery of the penguins and was later rescued.

Antarctica (www.kneoughart.com) is the first in a series of books that Kneoughs plan to release—they're considering Kenya or Egypt next. And while travelling the world is exciting, the says what he really enjoys is his wife's company. "I just like being with her," he says. "I'm just so happy when we're at home checking proofs." **HELEN BUTTORY**



This exquisite book holds 130 colour photographs taken over two austral summers in Antarctica. Clockwise from top left: Adelia penguins in Antarctic Sound; Procellaria Beach, a deserted whaling station in South Georgia; emperor penguins on Weddell Sea ice; Cape Washington in Ross Sea; Captain Kneough on icebreaker, in Ross Sea





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GET BEHIND THE SHIELD

CLOSINGNOTES

Books | Ted and the boys

Ted Williams, probably the greatest baseball hitter ever, was as well known for his temperamental outbursts as his sportsmanlike. News Score writer Jim Payne knew Williams well in the 30 years before the Boston Red Sox left Fenway died last summer, writing about at Williams' funeral lodge in New Brunswick's Miramichi River. And for Ted Williams' (The Pursuit of Perfection) Clapton Publishing/Prize seems to have talked to everyone else who ever laid a fair hit, good or bad, with the Springfield Splinter. However baseball writer Roger Kahn has more tales about his first encounter, when life magazine sent him to Fenway Park in 1951 during a close postgame news. A brief interview went downhill in seconds in Williams' derided the entire Boston press corps. Kahn was still depending that when a local reporter told him, "If you ever write about Williams, shed some light on the fact that he was a good man, a good player, a good person." Kahn was still depending that when a local reporter told him, "If you ever write about Williams, shed some light on the fact that he was a good man, a good player, a good person." Kahn was still depending that when a local reporter told him, "If you ever write about Williams, shed some light on the fact that he was a good man, a good player, a good person."



BESTSELLERS

Fiction

| THE HUNGER FOR MEMOIRS | 1 |
|------------------------------|----|
| by Michael Ondaatje | 1 |
| THE LAST THING | 2 |
| by Michael Ondaatje | 2 |
| THE POLYGRAPH, Justin Clarke | 3 |
| by Michael Ondaatje | 3 |
| THE LOST BOY, Lisa Thompson | 4 |
| by Michael Ondaatje | 4 |
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| THE LOST BOY, Lisa Thompson | 9 |
| by Michael Ondaatje | 9 |
| THE LOST BOY, Lisa Thompson | 10 |
| by Michael Ondaatje | 10 |

Non-fiction

| | |
|------------------------------|----|
| THE HUNGER FOR MEMOIRS | 1 |
| by Michael Ondaatje | 1 |
| THE LAST THING | 2 |
| by Michael Ondaatje | 2 |
| THE POLYGRAPH, Justin Clarke | 3 |
| by Michael Ondaatje | 3 |
| THE LOST BOY, Lisa Thompson | 4 |
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PARTY ON...WITHOUT ME

When it comes to potential disasters, the office Christmas party is at the top

LET ME BEGIN with memories of my less-than-ideal Christmas party—which, almost a quarter of a century later, still evokes the feel of a shocking hangover. I was a fledgling journalist working for—well, never mind, given what follows. The celebrations began at 5 p.m. and were highlighted by a vice-president playing football with a bowl of chip dip in the corporate boardroom, smearing the brown goo, Jackson Pollock-like, all over the art-filled walls. The same VP, frustrated at being barred from a locked-off floor where another high-ranking company official was conducting an important made-up interview, then punched a hole through the door, and (no, it's not over yet) ripped another office door off its hinges, offering it up sheepishly as a replacement. A while later, cocktail hour was over, we left for the "official" party, where things got really crazy.

By now, you're getting the idea: Never mind a year means, in low-squalid offices, holiday get-togethers, and the last-minute gift-buying benefits of mail, all of those jobs by comparison with the season's worst party—the office Christmas party. In terms of making or breaking careers, this event is far more crucial than any performance review or project delivery (and as far as making or breaking marriages. It's just any that Quebec Premier Bernard Landry can only do justice about getting the same enthusiasm for separation I've been lucky since that first bad channel. The second disaster of these bash as unsmoothed and most importantly, with my reputation (and with it) intact. If you heed the following advice, perhaps you can, too.

Nothing as it seems at a Christmas party, least of all the basic rule of conversation. Words become as hazardous as sparks near a leaky gas main, exploding into wild rumors under the watchful eyes of unfriendly mischievous colleagues. Engage in friendly chit-chat with the boss and suddenly, you're seen as a boorish, plotting to climb the ladders of power through close attention to your superior's shoes. Toss a few baseless rumors in the direction of that out-guy or gal, and you're

landed a burning coffee pot. The most sage strategy on party behavior I've ever been given came from a notoriously antisocial former colleague of mine in my newspaper days. "Just sit at the corner with a drink," he growled, "and ignore everybody." Granted, it's not a pretty sight, but the worst label they'll then stick you with is "herk."

What brings to mind a particular party some spot—the potential carnage of D&J, as in "Dancing Under the Influence"? One of the many unfortunate side effects of even a bit too much liquor is that it leads those with three left feet into including themselves that they're a cross between James Brown and Margie Gillis. Remember that famous *Saturday Night Live* episode in which Elaine rips an office party cold with the sheer ineptitude of her dancing? After that, no one ever looked at her with the same degree of seriousness again. That could be you in another couple of weeks—unless you take a solemn vow, now, that you will not be bewayed by the allure of the office siren out there all alone, or the too-captivating temptation of David Byrne and Bing Crosby singing up over the sound



Elaine learned the dangers of office parties

system on The Little Drummer Boy. If you're absolutely incapable of sitting on the sidelines, restrict your efforts to those awful group dances like the Macarena, where everyone looks equally foolish. (And unless you work with your spouse, eschew slow dances at all costs.)

Another Christmas custom guaranteed to embarrass is the seemingly innocuous firm-office gift exchange. No matter what you buy for whom, be prepared for a double-edged loss of being perceived as either an unthinking cheapskate or a spendthrift with obvious ulterior motives. To avoid coming in either extreme, take a hint from the boys of Motown's late Winston Churchill High, class of '78. Back then, instead of wasting money on Sweet 16 presents for female classmates, we used to spend our parents' cash on happy-memorial albums for ourselves. Then, we'd buy the girls a flowery, artistic card, fill it with happy "you've got a friend" verse, and tape it to a signed swatch of gold-flecked wrapping paper. Voila! A million-dollar look for about \$2.50. Your co-worker, or then your spouse, then in the mad rush of presents, theirs was torn away from the cord and lost. Remember not to madder when you're thanked for the gift.

Timing is everything in one of these events. Even more important than the entrance you make is your exit. So here's a handy saving tip: Leave early, and leave once. Because if you vanish for a while, but then return, it will be enough to start immediate gossip concerning either a) the "concomitance" of your disappearance at the same time as that of another co-worker, or b) speculation about what you may have chosen to target in your absence that accounts for your good cheer. Whoops, more rumors!

Despite these warnings, some of you will still succumb to the drudgery of multiple organizations. To that end, carry something as your personal alibi. I refer not to a condom, too that, or a blood-alcoholizer; the ultimate party-survival accessory is a pocket calendar. Take it out and refer to it throughout the night as a constant reminder that there is a tomorrow, and a next week, and a next month, and many more after that...and that everything you do now—and will—be used against you.

Right up until next year's party.

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